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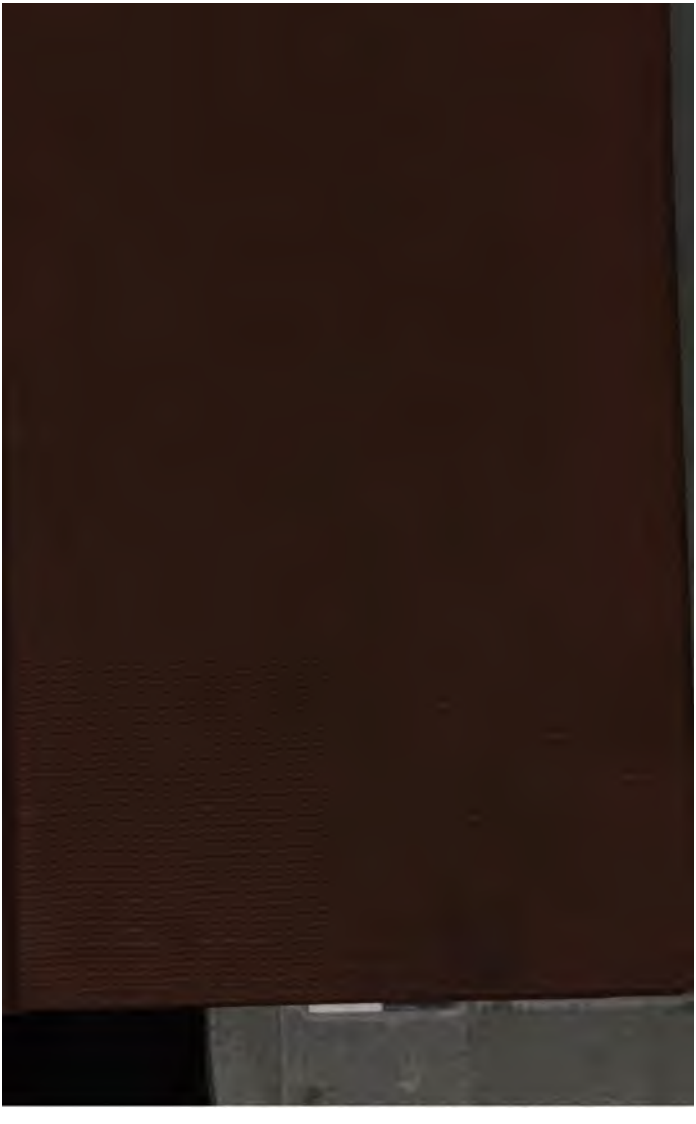


WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-EIGHTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY G. BIGG;

FOR C. [illegible]KLAND, W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AN[illegible]ES, T. PAYNE, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHIT[illegible]DER, T. CASLON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, [illegible] C. DILLY, J. DODSLEY, H. BALDWIN, J. WILKIE, J. ROBSON, J. JOHNSON, T. LOWNDES, T. BECKET, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, W. DAVIS, J. NICHOLS, F. NEWBERY, T. EVANS, J. RIDLEY, R. BALDWIN, G. NICOL, LEIGH AND SOTHEBY, J. BEW, N. CONANT, J. MURRAY, W. FOX, J. BOWEN.

M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

Mr. JAMES THOMSON.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING. 1728.

" Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
" Nunc frondent ſylvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus annus."
VIRG.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Inſcribed to the Counteſs of Hertford. The Seaſon is deſcribed as it affects the various parts of Nature, aſcending from the lower to the higher; with digreſſions ariſing from the ſubject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and, laſt, on man; concluding with a diſſuaſive from the wild and irregular paſſion of love, oppoſed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal Mildneſs, come,
And from the boſom of yon dropping cloud,
While muſic wakes around, veil'd in a ſhower
Of ſhadowing roſes, on our plains deſcend.
O Hertford, fitted or to ſhine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In ſoft aſſemblage, liſten to my ſong,
Which thy own Seaſon paints; when Nature all

Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
And ſee where ſurly Winter paſſes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blaſts:
His blaſts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The ſhatter'd foreſt, and the ravag'd vale;
While ſofter gales ſucceed, at whoſe kind touch,
Diſſolving ſnows in livid torrents loſt,
The mountains lift their green heads to the ſky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve reſumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightleſs: ſo that ſcarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulpht
To ſhake the ſounding marſh; or from the ſhore
The plovers when to ſcatter o'er the heath,
And ſing their wild notes to the liſtening waſte.
At laſt from Aries rolls the bounteous ſun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expanſive atmoſphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying ſoul,
Lifts the light clouds ſublime, and ſpreads them th
Fleecy and white, o'er all-ſurrounding heaven.
Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving ſoftneſs ſtrays.
Joyous, th' impatient huſbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his luſty ſteers
Drives from their ſtalls, to where the well-us'd plo
Lies in the furrow, looſen'd from the froſt.
There, unrefuſing, to the harneſs'd yoke
They lend their ſhoulder, and begin their toil,
Che

Chear'd by the ſimple ſong and ſoaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the ſhining ſhare
The maſter leans, removes th' obſtructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and ſidelong lays the glebe.
White through the neighbouring field the ſower ſtalks,
With meaſur'd ſtep; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful boſom of the ground:
The harrow follows harſh, and ſhuts the ſcene.
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye foſtering breezes, blow!
Ye ſoftening dews, ye tender ſhowers, deſcend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving ſun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and eaſe, in pomp and pride,
Think theſe loft themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as theſe the *rural* Maro ſung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taſte, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the ſacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
And ſome, with whom compar'd your inſect-tribes
Are but the beings of a ſummer's day,
Have held the ſcale of empire, rul'd the ſtorm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Diſdaining little delicacies, ſeiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.
Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn ſpread his treaſures to the ſun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the ſea,

Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thouſand ſhores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with ſuperior boon may your rich ſoil,
Exuberant, Nature's better bleſſings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhauſtleſs granary of a world!
Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative ſun
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, ſets the ſteaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!
Thou ſmiling Nature's univerſal robe!
United light and ſhade! where the ſight dwells
With growing ſtrength, and ever-new delight.
From the moiſt meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And ſwells, and deepens, to the cheriſh'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy foreſt ſtands diſplay'd,
In full luxuriance to the ſighing gales;
Where the deer ruſtle through the twining brake,
And the birds ſing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the flouriſhing year,
By Nature's ſwift and ſecret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With laviſh fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,

Within

Within its crimſon folds. Now from the town
Buried in ſmoke, and ſleep, and noiſome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freſhneſs breathes, and daſh the trembling drops
From the bent buſh, as through the verdant maze
Of ſweet-briar hedges I purſue my walk;
Or taſte the ſmell of dairy; or aſcend
Some eminence, Auguſta, in thy plains,
And ſee the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundleſs bluſh, one white-empurpled ſhower
Of mingled bloſſoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profuſion, yellow Autumn ſpies.
If, bruſh'd from Ruſſian wilds, a cutting gale
Riſe not, and ſcatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely froſt; before whoſe baleful blaſt
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage ſhrinks,
Joyleſs and dead, a wide-dejected waſte.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, inſect armies waft
Keen in the poiſon'd breeze; and waſteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The ſacred ſons of vengeance; on whoſe courſe
Corroſive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the ſkilful farmer chaff,
And blazing ſtraw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in ſmoke, the latent foe
From every cranny ſuffocated falls:

Or ſcatters o'er the blooms the pungent duſt
Of pepper, fatal to the froſty tribe;
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With ſprinkled water drowns them in their neſt;
Nor, while they pick them up with buſy bill,
The little trooping birds unwiſely ſcares.

Be patient, ſwains; theſe cruel-ſeeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repreſs'd
Thoſe deepening clouds on clouds, ſurcharg'd with rain,
That, o'er the vaſt Atlantic hither borne,
In endleſs train, would quench the ſummer-blaze,
And, chearleſs, drown the crude unripened year.

The north-eaſt ſpends his rage; he now ſhut up
Within his iron cave, th' effuſive ſouth
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal ſhowers diſtent.
At firſt a duſky wreath they ſeem to riſe,
Scarce ſtaining æther; but by ſwift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour fails
Along the loaded ſky, and mingling deep
Sits on th' horizon round a ſettled gloom:
Not ſuch as wintery-ſtorms on mortals ſhed,
Oppreſſing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wiſh of Nature. Gradual ſinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the cloſing woods,
Or ruſtling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aſpin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glaſſy breadth, ſeem through deluſive lapſe

Forgetful

tful of their courſe. 'Tis ſilence all,
leaſing expectation. Herds and flocks
the dry ſprig, and mute-imploring eye
alling verdure. Huſh'd in ſhort ſuſpenſe,
lumy people ſtreak their wings with oil,
row the lucid moiſture trickling off;
wait th' approaching ſign to ſtrike, at once,
he general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
forefts ſeem, impatient, to demand
romis'd ſweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks
the glad creation, muſing praiſe,
looking lively gratitude. At laſt,
louds conſign their treaſures to the fields;
ſoftly ſhaking on the dimpled pool
ſive drops, let all their moiſture flow,
ge effuſion, o'er the freſhen'd world.
ſtealing ſhower is ſcarce to patter heard,
ch as wander through the foreſt walks,
uh th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
who can hold the ſhade, while Heaven deſcends
iverſal bounty, ſhedding herbs,
fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
while the milky nutriment diſtils,
ds the kindling country colour round.
us all day long the full-diſtended clouds
ge their genial ſtores, and well-ſhower'd earth
p-enrich'd with vegetable life;
in the weſtern ſky, the downward ſun
out, effulgent, from amid the flush

Of

Of broken clouds, gay-ſhifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance inſtantaneous ſtrikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, through the foreſt ſtreams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow miſt,
Far ſmoaking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moiſt, bright, and green, the landſkip laughs around.
Full ſwell the woods; their very muſic wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the diſtant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows reſponſive from the vales,
Whence blending all the ſweeten'd zephyr ſprings.
Mean time refracted from yon eaſtern cloud,
Beſtriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immenſe; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the ſky.
Here, awful Newton, the diſſolving clouds
Form, fronting on the ſun, thy ſhowery priſm;
And to the ſage-inſtructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee diſclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not ſo the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amuſive arch before him fly,
Then vaniſh quite away. Still night ſucceeds,
A ſoften'd ſhade, and ſaturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd through ten thouſand different plaſtick tubes,

The

The balmy treaſures of the former day.
Then ſpring the living herbs, profuſely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botaniſts to number up their tribes:
Whether he ſteals along the lonely dale,
In ſilent ſearch; or through the foreſt, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Burſts his blind way; or climbs the mountain rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With ſuch a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their ſeeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nurſing mold,
The moiſtening current, and prolific rain.
But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With viſion pure, into theſe ſecret ſtores,
Of health, and life, and joy? The food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unfleſh'd in blood,
A ſtranger to the ſavage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, ſurfeit, and diſeaſe;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.
The firſt freſh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor bluſh'd to ſee
The ſluggard ſleep beneath its ſacred beam:
For their light ſlumbers gently fum'd away;
And up they roſe as vigorous as the ſun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the ſong went round; and dance and ſport,
Wiſdom and friendly talk, ſucceſſive, ſtole

Their

Their hours away; while in the roſy vale
Love breath'd his infant ſighs, from anguiſh free,
And full replete with bliſs; ſave the ſweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor ſurly deed,
Was known among thoſe happy ſons of Heaven;
For reaſon and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd ſmiling on.
Clear ſhone the ſkies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy ſpirit all. The youthful ſun
Shot his beſt rays, and ſtill the gracious clouds
Drop'd fatneſs down; as o'er the ſwelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd ſecure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion ſaw, his horrid heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his ſullen joy.
For muſic held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft ſigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In conſonance. Such were thoſe prime of days.

But now thoſe white unblemiſh'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid theſe iron times,
Theſe dregs of life! Now the diſtemper'd mind
Has loſt that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the ſoul of happineſs; and all
Is off the poiſe within: the paſſions all
Have burſt their bounds; and reaſon, half extinct,
Or impotent, or elſe approving, ſees

The

The foul diſorder. Senſeleſs, and deform'd,
Convulſive anger ſtorms at large; or pale,
And ſilent, ſettles into fell revenge.
Baſe envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Deſponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, looſens every power.
Ev'n love itſelf is bitterneſs of ſoul,
A penſive anguiſh pining at the heart;
Or, ſunk to ſordid intereſt, feels no more
That noble wiſh, that never-cloy'd deſire,
Which, ſelfiſh joy diſdaining, ſeeks alone
To bleſs the dearer object of its flame.
Hope ſickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madneſs ſwells;
Or in dead ſilence waſtes the weeping hours.
Theſe, and a thouſand mixt emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endleſs ſtorm: whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a liſtleſs unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark diſguſt, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:
At laſt, extinct each ſocial feeling, fell
And joyleſs inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature diſturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her courſe.
  Hence, in old duſky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft diſparting orb, that arch'd

The

The central waters round, impetuous ruſh'd,
With univerſal burſt, into the gulph,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide daſh'd the waves, in undulation vaſt;
Till, from the center to the ſtreaming clouds,
A ſhoreleſs ocean tumbled round the globe.

The Seaſons ſince have, with ſeverer ſway,
Oppreſs'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waſte of ſnows; and Summer ſhot
His peſtilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and bloſſoms bluſh'd,
In ſocial ſweetneſs, on the ſelf-ſame bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, ſave what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanſe: for then nor ſtorms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound ſlept the waters; no ſulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the ſky, and ſent the lightning forth;
While ſickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the ſprings of life.
But now, of turbid elements the ſport,
From clear to cloudy toſt, from hot to cold,
And dry to moiſt, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finiſh'd ere 'tis well begun,
And yet the wholeſome herb neglected dies;
Though with the pure exhilarating ſoul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the ſearch of art, 'tis copious bleſt.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, enſanguin'd man

Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worſe. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the ſteer,
At whoſe ſtrong cheſt the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger ſtung and wild neceſſity,
Nor lodges pity in their ſhaggy breaſt.
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
She pours ten thouſand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
Or beams that gave them birth: ſhall he, fair form!
Who wears ſweet ſmiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er ſtoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beaſt of prey,
Blood-ſtain'd, deſerves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
What have ye done; ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you, who have given us milk
In luſcious ſtreams, and lent us your own coat
Againſt the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmleſs, honeſt, guileleſs animal,
In what has he offended? he, whoſe toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harveſt: ſhall he bleed,
And ſtruggling groan beneath the cruel hands,
Ev'n of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To ſwell the riot of th' autumnal feaſt,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart

Would

Would tenderly ſuggeſt: but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian ſage.
High Heaven forbids the bold preſumptuous ſtrain,
Whoſe wiſeſt will has fix'd us in a ſtate
That muſt not yet to pure perfection riſe.

Now when the firſt foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their moſſy-tinctur'd ſtream
Deſcends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-diſſembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elaſtic ſpring,
Snatch'd from the hoary ſteed the floating line,
And all thy ſlender watry ſtores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulſive, twiſt in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger ſwallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breaſt
Of the weak helpleſs uncomplaining wretch,
Harſh pain, and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent ſun
Has pierc'd the ſtreams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, iſſuing chearful, to thy ſport repair;
Chief ſhould the weſtern breezes curling play,
And light o'er æther bear the ſhadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, purſue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whoſe ample wave

Their

Their little Naiads love to ſport at large.
Juſt in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling ſtream, or where it boils
Around the ſtone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the deluſive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the ſpringing game.
Strait as above the ſurface of the flood
They wanton riſe, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly toſſing to the graſſy bank,
And to the ſhelving ſhore, ſlow-dragging ſome,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and eaſily deceiv'd,
A worthleſs prey ſcarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the ſhort ſpace
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft diſengage, and back into the ſtream
The ſpeckled captive throw. But ſhould you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your fineſt art.
Long time he, following cautious, ſcans the fly;
And oft attempts to ſeize it, but as oft
The dimpled water ſpeaks his jealous fear.
At laſt, while haply o'er the ſhaded ſun
Paſſes a cloud, he deſperate takes the death,
With ſullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-ſtruck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line:

Then ſeeks the fartheſt ooze, the ſheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old ſecure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him ſtill, yet to his furious courſe
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Acroſs the ſtream, exhauſt his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathleſs ſide,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the ſhore
You gaily drag your unreſiſting prize.

Thus paſs the temperate hours: but when the ſun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the ſcattering clouds,
Ev'n ſhooting liſtleſs languor through the deeps;
Then ſeek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where ſcatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy eſſence breathes, where cowſlips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the ſhade:
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon ſpreading aſh,
Hung o'er the ſteep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The ſounding culver ſhoots; or where the hawk,
High, in the beetling cliff, his aëry builds.
There let the claſſic page thy fancy lead
Through rural ſcenes, ſuch as the Mantuan ſwain
Paints in the matchleſs harmony of ſong.
Or catch thyſelf the landſkip, gliding ſwift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And loſt in lonely muſing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careleſs ſolitude, where mix

Ten

Ten thouſand wandering images of things,
Soothe every guſt of paſſion into peace;
All but the ſwellings of the ſoften'd heart,
That waken, not diſturb, the tranquil mind.
Behold yon breathing proſpect bids the Muſe
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boaſt,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchleſs ſkill,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleaſing taſk,
Ah, what ſhall language do? ah, where find words
Ting'd with ſo many colours; and whoſe power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, thoſe aromatic gales,
That inexhauſtive flow continual round?
Yet, though ſucceſsleſs, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whoſe hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my ſong!
Form'd by the Graces, lovelineſs itſelf!
Come with thoſe downcaſt eyes, ſedate and ſweet,
Thoſe looks demure, that deeply pierce the ſoul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reaſon mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
O come! and while the roſy-footed May
Steals bluſhing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Freſh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,

And thy lov'd boſom that improves their ſweets.
See where the winding vale its laviſh ſtores,
Irriguous, ſpreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, ſcarce oozing through the graſs,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
In fair profuſion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of bloſſom'd beans. Arabia cannot boaſt
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes through the ſenſe, and takes the raviſh'd ſoul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of freſh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;
Where, undiſguis'd by mimic Art, ſhe ſpreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious taſk the fervent bees,
In ſwarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Through the ſoft air, the buſy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inſerted tube,
Suck its pure eſſence, its ethereal ſoul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they ſoaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luſcious ſpoil.
At length the finiſh'd garden to the view
Its viſtas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Diſtracted wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert cloſe, where ſcarce a ſpeck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted ſweeps:
Now meets the bending ſky; the river now

Dimpling

Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The foreſt darkening round, the glittering ſpire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the diſtant main.
But why ſo far excurſive? when at hand,
Along theſe bluſhing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderneſs of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unboſoms every grace;
Throws out the ſnow-drop, and the crocus firſt;
The daiſy, primroſe, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, ſtain'd with iron-brown;
And laviſh ſtock that ſcents the garden round:
From the ſoft wing of vernal breezes ſhed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With ſhining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-duſt,
The varied colours run; and, while they *break*
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting floriſt marks,
With ſecret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
Firſt-born of Spring, to Summer's muſky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of pureſt virgin white,
Low-bent, and bluſhing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narciſſus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging ſtill;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-ſpotted pinks;
Nor, ſhower'd from every buſh, the damaſk-roſe.

A melancholy murmur through the whole.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waſte of muſic is the voice of love;
That ev'n to birds, and beaſts, the tender arts
Of pleaſing teaches. Hence the gloſſy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtſhip to their mates
Pour forth their little ſouls. Firſt, wide around,
With diſtant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thouſand tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half-averted glance
Of their regardleſs charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Softening the leaſt approvance to beſtow,
Their colours burniſh, and, by hope inſpir'd,
They briſk advance; then, on a ſudden ſtruck,
Retire diſorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation ſpread the ſpotted wing,
And ſhiver every feather with deſire.
Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haſte away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleaſure, or food, or ſecret ſafety prompts;
That Nature's *great command* may be obey'd:
Nor all the ſweet ſenſations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Neſtling repair, and to the thicket ſome;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its inſects, and its moſs their neſts.
Others apart far in the graſſy dale,

Or

Or roughening waſte, their humble texture weave.
But moſt in woodland ſolitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or ſhaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whoſe murmurs ſoothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive ſtream,
They frame the firſt foundation of their domes;
Dry ſprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But reſtleſs hurry through the buſy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The ſwallow ſweeps
The ſlimy pool, to build his hanging houſe
Intent. And often, from the careleſs back
Of herds and flocks a thouſand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobſerv'd,
Steal from the barn a ſtraw: till ſoft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam aſſiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender taſk,
Or by ſharp hunger, or by ſmooth delight,
Though the whole looſen'd Spring around her blows.
Her ſympathizing lover takes his ſtand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings
The tedious time away; or elſe ſupplies
Her place a moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfil'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,

A help-

A helpleſs family, demanding food
With conſtant clamour: O what paſſions then,
What melting ſentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents ſeize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undeſiring bear
The moſt delicious morſel to their young;
Which equally diſtributed, again
The ſearch begins. Ev'n ſo a gentle pair,
By fortune ſunk, but form'd of generous mold,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cot amid the diſtant woods,
Suſtain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
  Nor toil alone they ſcorn: exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inſpir'd,
Gives inſtant courage to the *fearful* race,
And to the *ſimple* art. With ſtealthy wing,
Should ſome rude foot their woody haunts moleſt,
Amid a neighbouring buſh they ſilent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling ſchool-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering ſwain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her ſounding flight, and then directly on
In long excurſion ſkims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her neſt. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moſs, and o'er the trackleſs waſte
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot purſuing ſpaniel far aſtray.
  Be not the Muſe aſham'd, here to bemoan

Her

Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundleſs air.
Dull are the pretty ſlaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening luſtre loſt;
Nor is that ſprightly wildneſs in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught ſong,
Spare the ſoft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your boſom innocence can win,
Muſic engage, or piety perſuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harſh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother finds a vacant neſt,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain proviſion falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, ſcarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar ſhade;
Where, all abandon'd to deſpair, ſhe ſings
Her ſorrows through the night; and, on the bough,
Sole-ſitting, ſtill at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable ſtrain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her ſong, and with her wail reſound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, diſdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free poſſeſſion of the ſky:
This one glad office more, and then diſſolves

Parental

Parental love at once, now needleſs grown.
Unlaviſh Wiſdom never works in vain.
'Tis on ſome evening, ſunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing through the woods,
With yellow luſtre bright, that the new tribes
Viſit the ſpacious heavens, and look abroad
On nature's common, far as they can ſee,
Or wing, their range and paſture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, ſtill at the giddy verge
Their reſolution fails; their pinions ſtill,
In looſe libration ſtretch'd, to truſt the void
Trembling refuſe: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or puſh them off. The ſurging air receives
Its plumy burden; and their ſelf-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
Till, vaniſh'd every fear, and every power
Rouz'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents ſee their ſoaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.
High from the ſummit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, ſuch as amazing frowns
On utmoſt * Kilda's ſhore, whoſe lonely race
Reſign the ſetting ſun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.

* The fartheſt of the weſtern iſlands of Scotland.

Now

Now fit to raiſe a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering ſeat,
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
Unſtain'd he holds, while many a league to ſea
He wings his courſe, and preys in diſtant iſles.
  Should I my ſteps turn to the rural ſeat,
Whoſe lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaſeleſs caws amuſive; there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity ſurvey
Of the mixt houſhold kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearleſs cock;
Whoſe breaſt with ardour flames, as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The ſtately-ſailing ſwan
Gives out his ſnowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his oſier-iſle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatening reddens; while the peacock ſpreads
His every-colour'd glory to the ſun,
And ſwims in radiant majeſty along.
O'er the whole homely ſcene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.
  While thus the gentle tenants of the ſhade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world

Of brutes, below, ruſh furious into flame,
And fierce deſire. Through all his luſty veins
The bull, deep-ſcorch'd, the raging paſſion feels.
Of paſture ſick, and negligent of food,
Scarce ſeen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample ſides the rambling ſprays
Luxuriant ſhoot; or through the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing bud
Crops, though it preſſes on his careleſs ſenſe.
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
He ſeeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him ſhould he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flaſh fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the ſand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling ſteed,
With this hot impulſe ſeiz'd in every nerve,
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the ſounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but, toſſing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to diſtant plains
Attracted ſtrong, all wild he burſts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies:
And, neighing, on th' aërial ſummit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, ſteep-deſcending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Ev'n where the madneſs of the ſtraiten'd ſtream
Turns in black eddies round; ſuch is the force
With which his frantic heart and ſinews ſwell.

Nor

Nor undelighted by the boundleſs Spring
Are the broad monſters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the ſtrain, and diſſonant, to ſing
The cruel raptures of the ſavage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath ſublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-reſounding waſte in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I ſing, enraptur'd, to the Britiſh Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where ſits the ſhepherd on the graſſy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the deſcending ſun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his ſportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friſkful glee,
Their frolicks play. And now the ſprightly race
Invites them forth; when ſwift, the ſignal given,
They ſtart away, and ſweep the maſſy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When diſunited Britain ever bled,
Loſt in eternal broil: ere yet ſhe grew
To this deep-laid indiſſoluble ſtate,
Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads;
And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!

What is this *mighty Breath*, ye ſages, ſay,
That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,

Inſtructs

Inſtructs the fowls of heaven; and through their breaſt
Theſe arts of love diffuſes? What, but God?
Inſpiring God! who boundleſs Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjuſts, ſuſtains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaſeleſs works *alone*; and yet *alone*
Seems not to work: with ſuch perfection fram'd
Is this complex ſtupendous ſcheme of things.
But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy ſoft ſcenes,
The Smiling God is ſeen; while water, earth,
And air, atteſt his bounty; which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undeſigning hearts
Profuſely thus in tenderneſs and joy.
Still let my ſong a nobler note aſſume,
And ſing th' infuſive force of Spring on Man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye
To raiſe his being, and ſerene his ſoul.
Can he forbear to join the general ſmile
Of Nature? Can fierce paſſions vex his breaſt,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye ſordid ſons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;
Or only laviſh to yourſelves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whoſe wide thought,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
With warmeſt beam; and on your open front

And

And liberal eye, ſits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modeſt Want. Nor, till invok'd
Can reſtleſs goodneſs wait: your active ſearch
Leaves no cold wintery corner unexplor'd;
Like ſilent-working Heaven, ſurprizing oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving ſpirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Deſcend in gladſome plenty o'er the world;
And the ſun ſheds his kindeſt rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In theſe green days,
Reviving Sickneſs lifts her languid head:
Life flows afreſh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The ſunny glade, and feels an inward bliſs
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchaſe. Pure ſerenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation ſtill.
By ſwift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the boſom; till at laſt ſublim'd
To rapture, and enthuſiaſtic heat,
We feel the preſent Deity, and taſte
The joy of God to ſee a happy world!

Theſe are the ſacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reaſon's purer ray,
O Lyttelton the friend! thy paſſions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muſe, through Hagley Park thou ſtray'ſt;
Thy Britiſh Temple! There along the dale,
With woods o'er-hung, and ſhagg'd with moſſy rocks,

Whence on each hand the guſhing waters play,
And down the rough caſcade white-daſhing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd viſta through the trees,
You ſilent ſteal; or ſit beneath the ſhade
Of ſolemn oaks, that tuft the ſwelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careleſs hand,
And penſive liſten to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whiſpering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twiſted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs ſhake
On the ſooth'd ear. From theſe abſtracted oft,
You wander through the philoſophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders riſe,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft, conducted by hiſtoric truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honeſt zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulph
To raiſe her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, theſe graver thoughts
The Muſes charm: while, with ſure taſte refin'd,
You draw th' inſpiring breath of ancient ſong;
Till nobly riſes, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda ſhares thy walk,
With ſoul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toſt by ungenerous paſſions, ſinks away.

The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treaſures forth,
In varied converſe, ſoftening every theme,
You, frequent pauſing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meeken'd ſenſe, and amiable grace,
And lively ſweetneſs dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameleſs ſpirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happineſs! which love,
Alone, beſtows, and on a *favour'd few.*
Meantime you gain the height, from whoſe fair brow
The burſting proſpect ſpreads immenſe around:
And ſnatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages emboſom'd ſoft in trees,
And ſpiry towns by ſurging columns mark'd
Of houſhold ſmoke, your eye excurſive roams:
Wide-ſtretching from the Hall, in whoſe kind haunt
The Hoſpitable Genius lingers ſtill,
To where the broken landſkip, by degrees,
Aſcending, roughens into rigid hills;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That ſkirt the blue horizon, duſky riſe.
Fluſh'd by the ſpirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a freſher bloom
Shoots, leſs and leſs, the live carnation round;
Her lips bluſh deeper ſweets; ſhe breathes of youth;
The ſhining moiſture ſwells into her eyes,
In brighter flow; her wiſhing boſom heaves,
With palpitations wild; kind tumults ſeize
Her veins, and all her yielding ſoul is love.

From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear extatic power, and ſick
With ſighing languiſhment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your ſliding hearts:
Dare not th' infectious ſigh; the pleading look,
Downcaſt, and low, in meek ſubmiſſion dreſt,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation ſmooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roſes ſhed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimſon curtains round,
Truſt your ſoft minutes with betraying Man.
And let th' aſpiring youth beware of love,
Of the ſmooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-ſoftneſs pours.
Then wiſdom proſtrate lies, and fading fame
Diſſolves in air away; while the fond ſoul,
Wrapt in gay viſions of unreal bliſs,
Still paints th' illuſive form; the kindling grace;
Th' inticing ſmile; the modeſt-ſeeming eye,
Beneath whoſe beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk ſearchleſs cunning, cruelty, and death:
And ſtill falſe-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her ſyren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful ſhores, and meads of fatal joy.
Ev'n preſent, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid; while muſic flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roſes fierce Repentance rears
Her ſnaky creſt: a quick-returning pang

Shoots

Shoots through the conſcious heart; where honour ſtill,
And great deſign, againſt the oppreſſive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.
But abſent, what fantaſtic woes arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by reſtleſs muſing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blaſt the bloom of life?
Neglected fortune flies; and ſliding ſwift,
Prone into ruin, fall his ſcorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd ſun
Loſes his light. The roſy-boſom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a duſky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and ſhe alone
Heard, felt, and ſeen, poſſeſſes every thought,
Fills every ſenſe, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulneſs, tedious friends;
And ſad amid the ſocial band he ſits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfiniſh'd period falls: while, borne away
On ſwelling thought, his wafted ſpirit flies
To the vain boſom of his diſtant fair;
And leaves the ſemblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy ſite, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he ſtarts,
Shook from his tender trance, and reſtleſs runs
To glimmering ſhades, and ſympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling ſtream,
Romantic, hangs; there through the penſive duſk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation loſt,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank

Thrown, amid drooping lilies, ſwells the breeze
With ſighs unceaſing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in ſoft anguiſh he conſumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy eaſt,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languiſh of her beam,
With ſoften'd ſoul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or while the world
And all the ſons of Care lie huſh'd in ſleep,
Aſſociates with the midnight ſhadows drear;
And, ſighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving meſſenger of love;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With riſing frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, ſleep from his pillow flies.
All night he toſſes, nor the balmy power
In any poſture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale luſtre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhauſted Nature ſinks a while to reſt,
Still interrupted by diſtracted dreams,
That o'er the ſick imagination riſe,
And in black colours paint the mimic ſcene.
Oft with th' enchantreſs of his ſoul he talks;
Sometimes in crowds diſtreſs'd; or if retir'd
To ſecret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,

Juſt as he, credulous, his endleſs cares
Begins to loſe in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Through foreſts huge, and long untravel'd heaths
With deſolation brown, he wanders waſte,
In night and tempeſt wrapt; or ſhrinks aghaſt,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid ſtream below, and ſtrives to reach
The farther ſhore; where ſuccourleſs, and ſad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But ſtrives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
To diſtance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy ſinks.
  Theſe are the charming agonies of love,
Whoſe miſery delights. But through the heart
Should jealouſy its venom once diffuſe,
'Tis then delightful miſery no more,
But agony unmix'd, inceſſant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blaſting all
Love's paradiſe. Ye fairy proſpects, then,
Ye beds of roſes, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewel! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your laſt! The yellow-tinging plague
Internal viſion taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah, then! inſtead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of ſunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks ſucceed,
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aſpect, and a burning cheek,

Where the whole poiſon'd foul, malignant, ſits,
And frightens love away. Ten thouſand fears
Invented wild, ten thouſand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondneſs, eat him up
With fervent anguiſh, and conſuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and reſolution frail,
Giving falſe peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afreſh, her beauties on his buſy thought,
Her firſt endearments twining round the ſoul,
With all the witchcraft of enſnaring love.
Straight the fierce ſtorm involves his mind anew,
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt diſtracts the tortur'd heart:
For ev'n the ſad aſſurance of his fears
Were eaſe to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom Love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brighteſt flames extinguiſh'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waſte.
But happy they! the happieſt of their kind!
Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarſer tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their paſſions into love;
Where friendſhip full-exerts her ſofteſt power,

Perfect

Perfect eſteem enliven'd by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence: for nought but love
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, conſume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whoſe inhuman love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel;
Let eaſtern tyrants, from the light of heaven
Seclude their boſom-ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a mere, lifeleſs, violated form:
While thoſe whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal tranſport, free as Nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh;
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony, and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a ſmiling offspring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human bloſſom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new charm,
The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reaſon grows apace, and calls

For

For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh, ſpeak the joy! ye, whom the ſudden tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All various Nature preſſing on the heart:
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving Heaven.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and conſenting Spring
Sheds her own roſy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance ſwells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep;
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign.

SUMMER. 1727.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Invocation. Addreſs to Mr. Doddington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons. As the face of Nature in this ſeaſon is almoſt uniform, the progreſs of the poem is a deſcription of a ſummer's day. The dawn. Sun-riſing. Hymn to the ſun. Forenoon. Summer inſects deſcribed. Hay-making. Sheep-ſhearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A ſolemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude ſcene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The ſtorm over, a ſerene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Tranſition to the proſpect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-ſet. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praiſe of philoſophy.

FROM brightening fields of æther fair diſclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth:

He

He comes attended by the ſultry *hours*,
And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her bluſhful face; and earth, and ſkies,
All-ſmiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haſte into the mid-wood ſhade,
Where ſcarce a ſun-beam wanders through the gloom;
And on the dark-green graſs, beſide the brink
Of haunted ſtream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And ſing the glories of the circling year.

Come, Inſpiration! from thy hermit-ſeat,
By mortal ſeldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd ſerious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on ſurrounding Heaven, to ſteal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecſtaſy of ſoul.

And thou, my youthful Muſe's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderneſs of heart;
Genius, and wiſdom; the gay ſocial ſenſe,
By decency chaſtis'd; goodneſs and wit,
In ſeldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemiſh'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man:
O Doddington! attend my rural ſong,
Stoop to my theme, inſpirit every line,
And teach me to deſerve thy juſt applauſe.

With what an awful world-revolving power
Were firſt th' unwieldy planets launch'd along

Th'

Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thouſand years,
That oft has ſwept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchleſs, in their courſe;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the ſeaſons ever ſtealing round,
Minutely faithful: Such th' all-perfect Hand!
That pois'd, impels, and rules the ſteady whole.
When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the ſolar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And ſoon, obſervant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
At firſt faint-gleaming in the dappled eaſt:
Till far o'er æther ſpreads the widening glow;
And, from before the luſtre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd ſtep,
Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's miſty top
Swell on the ſight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the duſk, the ſmoaking currents ſhine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, aukward; while along the foreſt-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early paſſenger. Muſic awakes
The native voice of undiſſembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns ariſe.
Rous'd by the cock, the ſoon-clad ſhepherd leaves

His

His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning-walk?
But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo; now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light!
Of all material beings first, and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt

In

In uneſſential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of ſurrounding worlds! in whom beſt ſeen
Shines out thy Maker! may I ſing of thee?
'Tis by thy ſecret, ſtrong, attractive force,
As with a chain indiſſoluble bound,
Thy ſyſtem rolls entire; from the far bourne
Of utmoſt Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years; to Mercury, whoſe diſk
Can ſcarce be caught by philoſophic eye,
Loſt in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train!
Without whoſe quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely maſs, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling ſpirit; from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee ſublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy ſetting beam.
The vegetable world is alſo thine,
Parent of Seaſons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vaſt domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing ſtate, it moves ſublime.
Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or ſend grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car,
High-ſeen, the Seaſons lead, in ſprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the roſy-finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating looſe, the timely Rains,

Of

Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
And ſoften'd into joy the ſurly Storms.
Theſe, in ſucceſſive turn, with laviſh hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance ſhower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is fluſh'd the vernal year.
Nor to the ſurface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal treſſes, is thy force confin'd:
But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confeſs thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble ſhines;
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burniſh'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bleſs mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.
Th' unfruitful rock itſelf, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid ſtone.
The lively diamond drinks thy pureſt rays,
Collected light, compact; that, poliſh'd bright,
And all its native luſtre let abroad,
Dares, as it ſparkles on the fair-one's breaſt,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the Sapphire, ſolid æther, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-ſtreaming amethyſt is thine.
With thy own ſmile the yellow topaz burns,
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,

When

When firſt ſhe gives it to the ſouthern gale,
Than the green emerald ſhows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying ſeveral from its ſurface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the ſite varies in the gazer's hand.
The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Aſſumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent ſtream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The deſart joys
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from ſome pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmoſt verge,
Reſtleſs, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-tranſported Muſe can ſing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and uſe,
Unequal far; great delegated ſource
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!
How ſhall I then attempt to ſing of Him!
Who, Light Himſelf, in uncreated light
Inveſted deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whoſe ſingle ſmile has, from the firſt of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all thoſe lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundleſs ſky:
But, ſhould he hide his face, th' aſtoniſh'd ſun,
And all th' extinguiſh'd ſtars, would looſening reel

Wide from their ſpheres, and Chaos come again.
And yet was every faultering tongue of Man,
Almighty Father! ſilent in thy praiſe,
Thy works themſelves would raiſe a general voice,
Ev'n in the depth of ſolitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celeſtial Thee reſound,
Th' eternal cauſe, ſupport, and end of all!
To me be Nature's volume broad-diſplay'd;
And to peruſe its all-inſtructing page,
Or, haply catching inſpiration thence,
Some eaſy paſſage, raptur'd, to tranſlate,
My ſole delight; as through the falling glooms
Penſive I ſtray, or with the riſing dawn
On Fancy's eagle-wing excurſive ſoar.
Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent ſun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature ſhines, from where earth ſeems,
Far-ſtretch'd around, to meet the bending ſphere.
Half in a bluſh of cluſtering roſes loſt,
Dew-dropping Coolneſs to the ſhade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careleſs rills to muſe;
While tyrant Heat, diſpreading through the ſky,
With rapid ſway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beaſt, and herb, and tepid ſtream.
Who can unpitying ſee the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-bluſh'd bloom reſign,

Before

Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the ſun,
Sad when he ſets, ſhuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd boſom to his ray.

Home, from his morning taſk, the ſwain retreats;
His flock before him ſtepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The chearful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they ſit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours ariſe.
Faint, underneath, the houſhold fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing ſhade,
The houſe-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-ſtretch'd, and ſleepy. In his ſlumbers, one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the waſp,
They ſtarting ſnap. Nor ſhall the Muſe diſdain
To let the little noiſy ſummer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her ſong:
Not mean, though ſimple; to the ſun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.

Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
Lighter, and full of ſoul. From every chink,

And ſecret corner, where they ſlept away
The wintery ſtorms; or riſing from their tombs,
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can diſcloſe.
Ten thouſand forms! ten thouſand different tribes!
People the blaze. To ſunny waters ſome
By fatal inſtinct fly; where on the pool
They, ſportive, wheel; or, ſailing down the ſtream,
Are ſnatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting ſalmon. Through the green-wood glade
Some love to ſtray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
In the freſh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and viſit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the ſweet taſk,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what ſoft beds, their young yet undiſclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the houſe,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taſte the curdling cheeſe:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky ſtream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerleſs wings around them wrapt, expire.
But chief to heedleſs flies the window proves
A conſtant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain ſpider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcaſes, in eager watch he ſits,
O'erlooking all his waving ſnares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadleſs wanderer oft

Paſſes,

Paſſes, as oft the ruffian ſhows his front;
The prey at laſt enſnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing
And ſhriller ſound declare extreme diſtreſs,
And aſk the helping hoſpitable hand.
  Reſounds the living ſurface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaſeleſs hum,
To him who muſes through the woods at noon;
Or drowſy ſhepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-ſhut eyes, beneath the floating ſhade
Of willows grey, cloſe-crowding o'er the brook.
  Gradual, from theſe what numerous kinds deſcend,
Evading ev'n the microſcopic eye!
Full Nature ſwarms with life; one wondrous maſs
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his ſpirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid ſteams, emits the living cloud
Of peſtilence. Through ſubterranean cells,
Where ſearching ſun-beams ſcarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its ſoft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the ſtone
Holds multitudes. But chief the foreſt-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameleſs nations feed
Of evaneſcent inſects. Where the pool

Stands mantled o'er with green, inviſible,
Amid the floating verdure millions ſtray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, ſooths,
Inflames, refreſhes, or exalts the taſte,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the ſtream
Of pureſt cryſtal, nor the lucid air,
Though one tranſparent vacancy it ſeems,
Void of their unſeen people. Theſe, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, eſcape
The groſſer eye of Man: for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd ſhould on his ſenſes burſt,
From cates ambroſial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When ſilence ſleeps o'er all, be ſtunn'd with noiſe.
Let no preſuming impious railer tax
Creative Wiſdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwiſe, of which the ſmalleſt part
Exceeds the narrow viſion of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On ſwelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whoſe feeble ray ſcarce ſpreads
An inch around, with blind preſumption bold,
Should dare to tax the ſtructure of the whole.
And lives the man, whoſe univerſal eye
Has ſwept at once th' unbounded ſcheme of things;
Mark'd their dependance ſo, and firm accord,
As with unfaultering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth nought? Has any ſeen

The

The mighty chain of beings, leſſening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary *nothing*, deſolate abyſs!
From which aſtoniſh'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praiſe aſcend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power,
Whoſe wiſdom ſhines as lovely on our minds,
As on our ſmiling eyes his ſervant-ſun.

Thick in yon ſtream of light, a thouſand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations ſport; till, tempeſt-wing'd,
Fierce Winter ſweeps them from the face of day.
Ev'n ſo luxurious men, unheeding, paſs
An idle ſummer life in fortune's ſhine,
A ſeaſon's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and ſtrikes them from the book of life.

Now ſwarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The ruſtic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and ſtrong; full as the ſummer roſe
Blown by prevailing ſuns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, ſwelling on the ſight, and all
Her kindled graces, burning o'er her cheek.
Ev'n ſtooping age is here; and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppreſſion roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They ſpread their breathing harveſt to the ſun,

That throws refreſhful round a rural ſmell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the duſky wave along the mead,
The ruſſet hay-cock riſes thick behind,
In order gay. While, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, reſounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and ſocial glee.
Or ruſhing thence, in one diffuſive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compel'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair ſpreading in a pebbled ſhore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the ſoft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly ſides. And oft the ſwain,
On ſome impatient ſeizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor heſitating more,
Faſt, faſt, they plunge amid the flaſhing wave,
And panting labour to the fartheſt ſhore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-waſh'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is baniſh'd by the ſordid ſtream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmleſs race; where, as they ſpread
Their ſwelling treaſures to the ſunny ray,
Inly diſturb'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toſs'd from rock to rock,
Inceſſant bleatings run around the hills.

At

, of ſnowy white, the gather'd flocks
the wattled pen innumerous preſs'd,
bove head: and, rang'd in luſty rows,
epherds ſit, and whet the ſounding ſhears.
uſewife waits to roll her fleecy ſtores,
ll her gay-dreſt maids attending round.
hief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
o'er the reſt, the paſtoral queen, and rays
iles, ſweet-beaming, on her ſhepherd-king;
the glad circle round them yield their ſoul
tive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
ime, their joyous taſk goes on apace:
ningling ſtir the melted tar, and ſome,
n the new-ſhorn vagrant's heaving ſide,
mp his maſter's cypher ready ſtand;
th' unwilling wether drag along;
glorying in his might, the ſturdy boy
by the twiſted horns th' indignant ram.
l where bound, and of its robe bereft,
dy man, that all-depending lord,
neek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
ſoftneſs in its melancholy face,
dumb complaining innocence appears!
ot, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
rrid ſlaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
is the tender ſwain's well-guided ſhears,
having now, to pay his annual care,
v'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
end you bounding to your hills again.
mple ſcene! yet hence Britannia ſees

Her

Her ſolid grandeur riſe: hence ſhe commands
Th' exalted ſtores of every brighter clime,
The treaſures of the ſun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves ſublime, and now, ev'n now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coaſt;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.
'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the ſun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can ſweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undiſtinguiſh'd blaze.
In vain the ſight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-aſcending ſteams,
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And ſlippery lawn an arid hue diſcloſe,
Blaſt Fancy's bloom, and wither ev'n the ſoul.
Echo no more returns the chearful ſound
Of ſharpening ſcythe: the mower ſinking heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And ſcarce a chirping graſs-hopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Diſtreſsful nature pants.
The very ſtreams look languid from afar;
Or, through th' unſhelter'd glade, impatient ſeem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.
All-conquering Heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not ſo fierce! Inceſſant ſtill you flow,

And

And ſtill another fervent flood ſucceeds,
Pour'd on the head profuſe. In vain I ſigh,
And reſtleſs turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who, on the ſunleſs ſide
Of a romantic mountain, foreſt-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected ſhade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And freſh bedew'd with ever-ſpouting ſtreams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unſatisfied and ſick, toſſes in noon:
Emblem inſtructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind ſerene and pure,
And every paſſion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye ſhades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye aſhes wild, reſounding o'er the ſteep!
Delicious is your ſhelter to the ſoul,
As to the hunted hart the ſallying ſpring,
Or ſtream full-flowing, that his ſwelling ſides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, through the nerves, your pleaſing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the freſh-expanded eye
And ear reſume their watch; the ſinews knit;
And life ſhoots ſwift through all the lighten'd limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now ſcarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now ſtarting to a ſudden ſtream, and now

Gently

Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
A various groupe the herds and flocks compoſe,
Rural confuſion! on the graſſy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others ſtand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, ſip
The circling ſurface. In the middle droops
The ſtrong laborious ox, of honeſt front,
Which incompos'd he ſhakes; and from his ſides
The troublous inſects laſhes with his tail,
Returning ſtill. Amid his ſubjects ſafe,
Slumbers the monarch-ſwain; his careleſs arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moſs ſuſtain'd;
Here laid his ſcrip, with wholeſome viands fill'd;
There, liſtening every noiſe, his watchful dog.
  Light fly his ſlumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies faſten on the herd;
That ſtartling ſcatters from the ſhallow brook,
In ſearch of laviſh ſtream. Toſſing the foam,
They ſcorn the keeper's voice, and ſcour the plain,
Through all the bright ſeverity of noon;
While, from their labouring breaſts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.
  Oft in this ſeaſon too the horſe, provok'd,
While his big ſinews full of ſpirits ſwell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with ſtedfaſt eye,
And heart eſtrang'd to fear: his nervous cheſt,
Luxuriant, and erect! the ſeat of ſtrength!
Bears down th' oppoſing ſtream: quenchleſs his thirſt;

He

He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide noſtrils, ſnorting, ſkims the wave.
Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildeſt largeſt growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every ſtep,
Solemn, and ſlow, the ſhadows blacker fall,
And all is awful liſtening gloom around.
Theſe are the haunts of Meditation, theſe
The ſcenes where ancient bards th' inſpiring breath,
Extatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to ſave the fall
Of virtue ſtruggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whiſpers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd ſoul
For future trials fated to prepare,
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His Muſe to better themes; to ſoothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breaſt
(Backward to mingle in deteſted war,
But foremoſt when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberleſs ſuch offices of love
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.
Shook ſudden from the boſom of the ſky,
A thouſand ſhapes or glide athwart the duſk,
Or ſtalk majeſtic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A ſacred terror, a ſevere delight,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abſtracted ear

Of

Of fancy ſtrikes. " Be not of us afraid,
" Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
" From the ſame Parent-Power our beings drew,
" The ſame our Lord, and laws, and great purſuit.
" Once ſome of us, like thee, through ſtormy life,
" Toil'd, tempeſt-beaten, ere we could attain
" This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
" Where purity and peace immingle charms.
" Then fear not us; but with reſponſive ſong,
" Amid theſe dim receſſes, undiſturb'd
" By noiſy folly and diſcordant vice,
" Of Nature ſing with us, and Nature's God.
" Here frequent, at the viſionary hour,
" When muſing midnight reigns or ſilent noon,
" Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
" And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
" The deepening dale, or inmoſt ſylvan glade:
" A privilege beſtow'd by us, alone,
" On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
" Of Poet, ſwelling to ſeraphic ſtrain."
And art thou, *Stanley, of that ſacred band?
Alas, for us too ſoon! Though rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of ſadly-pleas'd remembrance, muſt thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
Who ſeeks thee ſtill, in many a former ſcene;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,

* A young lady, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738. See her epitaph in Vol. II.

Thy

Thy pleaſing converſe, by gay lively ſenſe
Inſpir'd: where moral wiſdom mildly ſhone,
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
In all her ſmiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou beſt of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to Parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger ſelf, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
Believe the Muſe: the wintery blaſt of death
Kills not the buds of virtue: no, they ſpread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter ſuns,
Through endleſs ages, into higher powers.
Thus up the mount, in aëry viſion rapt,
I ſtray, regardleſs whither; till the ſound
Of a near fall of water every ſenſe
Wakes from the charm of thought: ſwift-ſhrinking
I check my ſteps, and view the broken ſcene. [back,
Smooth to the ſhelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
In one impetuous torrent, down the ſteep
It thundering ſhoots, and ſhakes the country round.
At firſt, an azure ſheet, it ruſhes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-reſounding rocks below
Daſh'd in a cloud of foam, it ſends aloft
A hoary miſt, and forms a ceaſeleſs ſhower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repoſe:
But, raging ſtill amid the ſhaggy rocks,
Now flaſhes o'er the ſcatter'd fragments, now

Aſlant

Aſlant the hollow channel rapid darts;
And, falling faſt from gradual ſlope to ſlope,
With wild infracted courſe, and leſſen'd roar,
It gains a ſafer bed, and ſteals, at laſt,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

Invited from the cliff, to whoſe dark brow
He clings, the ſteep-aſcending eagle ſoars,
With upward pinions through the flood of day;
And, giving full his boſom to the blaze,
Gains on the ſun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, diſorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Reſponſive, force an interrupted ſtrain.
The ſtock-dove only through the foreſt cooes,
Mournfully hoarſe; oft ceaſing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The ſad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his ſide by ſavage fowler's guile,
Acroſs his fancy comes; and then refounds
A louder ſong of ſorrow through the grove.

Beſide the dewy border let me ſit,
All in the freſhneſs of the humid air;
There in that hollow'd rock, groteſque and wild,
An ample chair moſs-lin'd, and over head
By flowering umbrage ſhaded: where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taſte the ſweetneſs of the ſhade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
Now come bold Fancy, ſpread a daring flight,

And view the wonders of the *torrid Zone*:
Climes unrelenting! with whoſe rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon ſkies are cool.
See, how at once the bright effulgent ſun,
Riſing direct, ſwift chaces from the ſky
The ſhort-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him ſends,
Iſſuing from out the portals of the morn,
The **general Breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreſhment on a fainting world.
Great are the ſcenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that ſee each circling year,
Returning ſuns and †*double ſeaſons* paſs:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy riſe,
Whence many a burſting ſtream auriferous plays:
Majeſtic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above ſtage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundleſs deep immenſity of ſhade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient ſong unknown,
The noble ſons of potent heat and floods

* Which blows conſtantly between the tropics from the eaſt, or the collateral points, the north-eaſt and the ſouth-eaſt: cauſed by the preſſure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the ſun from eaſt to weſt.

† In all climates between the tropics, the ſun, as he paſſes and repaſſes in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, which produces this effect.

Prone ruſhing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
Their thorny ſtems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taſte
And vital ſpirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning ſands that bank the ſhrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the ſpreading tamarind that ſhakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the maſſy locuſt ſheds
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze,
Embowering endleſs, of the Indian fig;
Or, thrown at gayer eaſe, on ſome fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful ſhade.
Or ſtretch'd amid theſe orchards of the ſun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freſhening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its ſlender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate ſcorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble ſtation dwells
Unboaſtful worth, above faſtidious pomp.

Witneſs,

Witneſs, thou beſt Anâna, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me ſtrip thee of thy tuſty coat,
Spread thy ambroſial ſtores, and feaſt with Jove!
From theſe the proſpect varies. Plains immenſe
Lie ſtretch'd below, interminable meads
And vaſt ſavannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean loſt.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer ſweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and ſhowers with ſudden hand
Exuberant ſpring; for oft theſe vallies ſhift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And ſwift to green again, as ſcorching ſuns,
Or ſtreaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.
Along theſe lonely regions, where retir'd,
From little ſcenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful ſolitude, and nought is ſeen
But the wild herds that own no maſter's ſtall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening ſeas:
On whoſe luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green ſcales, the crocodile extends.
The flood diſparts: behold! in plaited mail,
* Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his ſide,
The darted ſteel in idle ſhivers flies:
He fearleſs walks the plain, or ſeeks the hills;

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horſe.

Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmleſs ſtranger wondering gaze.
Peaceful, beneath primæval trees, that caſt
Their ample ſhade o'er Niger's yellow ſtream,
And where the Ganges rolls his ſacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-rais'd in ſolemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant: wiſeſt of brutes!
O truly wiſe! with gentle might endow'd,
Though powerful, not deſtructive! Here he ſees
Revolving ages ſweep the changeful earth,
And empires riſe and fall; regardleſs he
Of what the never-reſting race of Men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'ſcape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his ſteps;
Or with his towery grandeur ſwell their ſtate,
The pride of kings! or elſe his ſtrength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Aſtoniſh'd at the madneſs of mankind.
Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid bloſſoms glowing from afar,
Thick-ſwarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand
That with a ſportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayeſt hues
Profuſely pours. * But, if ſhe bids them ſhine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds though more beautiful in their plumage, are obſerved to be leſs melodious than ours.

Yet, frugal ſtill, ſhe humbles them in ſong.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whoſe legions caſt
A boundleſs radiance waving on the ſun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our ſhades,
Through the ſoft ſilence of the liſtening night,
The ſober-ſuited ſongſtreſs trills her lay.
But come, my Muſe, the deſart-barrier burſt,
A wild expanſe of lifeleſs ſand and ſky:
And, ſwifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the ſecret bounds
Of jealous Abyſſinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the maſk
Of ſocial commerce com'ſt to rob their wealth;
No *holy Fury* thou, blaſpheming Heaven,
With conſecrated ſteel to ſtab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To ſpread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmleſs bee, may'ſt freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jaſmine grove to grove, may'ſt wander gay,
Through palmy ſhades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, inveſt the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy ſummit, ſpreading fair,
For many a league; or on ſtupendous rocks,
That from the ſun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas riſe;

And gardens ſmile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains guſh; and careleſs herds and flocks
Securely ſtray; a world within itſelf,
Diſdaining all aſſault: there let me draw
Ethereal ſoul, there drink reviving gales,
Profuſely breathing from the ſpicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at diſtance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that ſweep
From diſembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
And o'er the varied landſkip, reſtleſs, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
A land of wonders! which the ſun ſtill eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the ſcene! In blazing height of noon,
The ſun, oppreſs'd, is plung'd in thickeſt gloom.
Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of ſtruggling night and day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crowding faſt,
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
Admits their ſtream, inceſſant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd!
Or whirl'd tempeſtuous by the guſty wind,
Or ſilent borne along, heavy, and ſlow,
With the big ſtores of ſteaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid theſe upper ſeas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together daſh'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;

Till,

n the furious elemental war
'd, the whole precipitated maſs
ten floods and ſolid torrents pours.
treaſures theſe, hid from the bounded ſearch
ient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
ing of floods! o'erflows the ſwelling Nile.
is two ſprings, in Gojam's ſunny realm,
'elling out, he through the lucid lake
Dambea rolls his infant-ſtream.
by the Naiads nurs'd, he ſports away
yful youth, amid the fragrant iſles,
ith unfading verdure ſmile around.
ous, thence the manly river breaks;
gathering many a flood, and copious fed
ll the mellow'd treaſures of the ſky,
in progreſſive majeſty along:
gh ſplendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
anders wild o'er ſolitary tracts
-deſerted ſand; till, glad to quit
yleſs deſart, down the Nubian rocks
hundering ſteep to ſteep, he pours his urn,
gypt joys beneath the ſpreading wave.
brother Niger too, and all the floods
ch the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
etty limbs; and all that from the tract
dy mountains ſtretch'd through gorgeous Ind
Cormandel's coaſt, or Malabar;
Menam's orient ſtream, that nightly ſhines

e river that runs through Siam; on whoſe banks
ultitude of thoſe inſects called fire-flies make a
l appearance in the night.

With inſect-lamps, to where Aurora ſheds
On Indus' ſmiling banks the roſy ſhower:
All, at this bounteous ſeaſon, ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harveſt o'er the land.
Nor leſs thy world, Columbus, drinks, refreſh'd,
The laviſh moiſture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his iſles, the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-ſufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thouſand ſtreams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge deſcends
The mighty * Orellana. Scarce the Muſe
Dares ſtretch her wing o'er this enormous maſs
Of ruſhing water; ſcarce ſhe dares attempt
The ſealike Plata; to whoſe dread expanſe,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of courſe,
Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
In ſilent dignity they ſweep along,
And traverſe realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
And fruitful deſarts, worlds of ſolitude,
Where the ſun ſmiles and ſeaſons teem in vain,
Unſeen, and unenjoy'd. Forſaking theſe,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffuſive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle ſafe,
In their ſoft boſom, many a happy iſle;
The ſeat of blameleſs Pan, yet undiſturb'd
By chriſtian crimes and Europe's cruel ſons.

* The river of the Amazons.

Thus

Thus pouring on they proudly ſeek the deep,
Whoſe vanquiſh'd tide, recoiling from the ſhock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.
But what avails this wondrous waſte of wealth?
This gay profuſion of luxurious bliſs?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds diſpers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
Th' ambroſial food, rich gums, and ſpicy health,
Their foreſts yield? their toiling inſects what,
Their ſilky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treaſures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and ſad Potoſi's mines;
Where dwelt the gentleſt children of the ſun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and ſhining ivory ſtores?
Ill-fated race! the ſoftening arts of Peace,
Whate'er the humanizing Muſes teach;
The godlike wiſdom of the temper'd breaſt;
Progreſſive truth, the patient force of thought;
Inveſtigation calm, whoſe ſilent powers
Command the world; the Light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Suſtains the name and dignity of Man:
Theſe are not theirs. The parent-ſun himſelf
Seems o'er this world of ſlaves to tyrannize;

And, with oppreſſive ray, the roſeat bloom
Of beauty blaſting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature groſs: or worſe, to ruthleſs deeds,
Mad jealouſy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid ſpirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The ſoft regards, the tenderneſs of life,
The heart-ſhed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of ſweet humanity: theſe court the beam
Of milder climes; in ſelfiſh fierce deſire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous ſenſe,
There loſt. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
Lo! the green ſerpent, from his dark abode,
Which ev'n Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-iſſuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immenſe, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreſhing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monſter curls
His flaming creſt, all other thirſt appall'd,
Or ſhivering flies, or check'd at diſtance ſtands,
Nor dares approach. But ſtill more direful he,
The ſmall cloſe-lurking miniſter of fate,
Whoſe high-concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arreſting ſwift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There, ſublim'd
To fearleſs luſt of blood, the ſavage race
Roam, licens'd by the ſhading hour of guilt,
And foul miſdeed, when the pure day has ſhut

His

ıcred eye. The tiger darting fierce
:uous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
ively-ſhining leopard, ſpeckled o'er
many a ſpot, the beauty of the waſte:
ſcorning all the taming arts of Man,
ceen hyena, felleſt of the fell.
:, ruſhing from th' inhoſpitable woods
lauritania, or the tufted iſles,
verdant riſe amid the Libyan wild,
nerous glare around their ſhaggy king,
ſtic, ſtalking o'er the printed ſand;
with imperious and repeated roars,
ınd their fated food. The fearful flocks
d near the guardian ſwain; the nobler herds,
:e round their lordly bull, in rural eaſe,
ruminating lie, with horror hear
:oming rage. Th' awaken'd village ſtarts;
to her fluttering breaſt the mother ſtrains
houghtleſs infant. From the Pirate's den,
:rn Morocco's tyrant fang eſcap'd,
wretch half-wiſhes for his bonds again:
e, uproar all, the wilderneſs reſounds,
Atlas eaſtward to the frighted Nile.
happy he! who from the firſt of joys,
:y, cut off, is left alone
this world of death. Day after day,
n the jutting eminence he ſits,
views the main that ever toils below;
ondly forming in the fartheſt verge,
e the round æther mixes with the wave,

Ships,

Ships, dim diſcover'd, dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the ſetting ſun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpleſs; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiſs continual through the tedious night.
Yet here, ev'n here, into theſe black abodes
Of monſters, unappall'd, from ſtooping Rome,
And guilty Cæſar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds:
Diſdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Auſonia pours;
When for them ſhe muſt bend the ſervile knee,
And fawning take the ſplendid robber's boon.
Nor ſtop the terrors of theſe regions here.
Commiſſion'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let looſe the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundleſs furnace of the ſky,
And the wide glittering waſte of burning ſand,
A ſuffocating wind the pilgrim ſmites
With inſtant death. Patient of thirſt and toil,
Son of the deſart! ev'n the camel feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blaſt.
Or from the black-red æther, burſting broad,
Sallies the ſudden whirlwind. Strait the ſands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:
Nearer and nearer ſtill they darkening come;
Till, with the general all-involving ſtorm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds ariſe;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or ſunk at night in ſad diſaſtrous ſleep,

ith deſcending hills, the caravan
ried deep. In Cairo's crowded ſtreets
mpatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
Mecca ſaddens at the long delay.
t chief at ſea, whoſe every flexile wave
h th' blaſt, th' aërial tumult ſwells.
: dread ocean, undulating wide,
ith the radiant line that girts the globe,
ircling * Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
ufting all the rage of all the ſky,
lire * Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
y ſerene, deep in a cloudy † ſpeck
refs'd, the mighty tempeſt brooding dwells:
regard, ſave to the ſkilful eye,
and foul, the ſmall prognoſtick hangs
, or on the promontory's brow
rs its force. A faint deceitful calm,
ttering gale the demon ſends before,
mpt the ſpreading ſail. Then down at once,
ritant, deſcends a mingled maſs
aring winds, and flame, and ruſhing floods.
d amazement fix'd the ſailor ſtands.
too ſlow: by rapid fate oppreſs'd,
oad-wing'd veſſel drinks the whelming tide,
the boſom of the black abyſs.

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular ſtorms
ricanes, known only between the tropics.
† Called by the ſailors the Ox-eye, being in appear-
t firſt no bigger.

With

With ſuch mad ſeas the daring * Gama fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Inceſſant, labouring round the *ſtormy Cape*;
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirſt
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The riſing world of trade: the Genius, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeleſs ſloth,
Had ſlumber'd on the vaſt Atlantic deep,
For idle ages, ſtarting, heard at laſt
The † Luſitanian Prince; who, Heaven-inſpir'd,
To love of uſeful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

Increaſing ſtill the terrors of theſe ſtorms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful ſhark. Lur'd by the ſcent
Of ſteaming crowds, of rank diſeaſe, and death,
Behold! he ruſhing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ſhip along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which ſpoils unhappy Guiney of her ſons,
Demands his ſhare of prey; demands themſelves.
The ſtormy fates deſcend: one death involves
Tyrants and ſlaves; when ſtrait, their mangled limb
Craſhing at once, he dyes the purple ſeas

* Vaſco de Gama, the firſt who ſailed round Afri by the Cape of Good Hope, to the Eaſt Indies.

† Don Henry, third ſon to John the Firſt, king Portugal. His ſtrong genius to the diſcovery of n countries was the chief ſource of all the modern i provements in navigation.

Wi

With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.
When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immenſe, looks out the joyleſs ſun,
And draws the copious ſteam: from ſwampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes deſtructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable ſhades, receſſes foul,
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whoſe gloomy horrors yet no deſperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, waſteful, forth
Walks the dire Power of peſtilent diſeaſe.
A thouſand hideous fiends her courſe attend,
Sick Nature blaſting, and to heartleſs woe,
And feeble deſolation, caſting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd
The Britiſh fire. You, gallant Vernon, ſaw
The miſerable ſcene; you, pitying, ſaw
To infant-weakneſs ſunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghaſtly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamleſs eye
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ſhips from ſhore to ſhore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the ſullen waves,
The frequent corſe; while, on each other fix'd,
In ſad preſage, the blank aſſiſtants ſeem'd,
Silent, to aſk, whom Fate would next demand.
What need I mention thoſe inclement ſkies,
Where, frequent o'er the ſickening city, Plague,
The fierceſt child of Nemeſis divine,

Deſcends?

Deſcends? * From Ethiopia's poiſon'd woods
From ſtifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locuſt-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great deſtroyer ſprung. Her awful rage
The brutes eſcape: Man is her deſtin'd prey,
Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
She draws a cloſe incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholeſome breeze; and ſtain'd
With many a mixture by the ſun, ſuffus'd,
Of angry aſpect. Princely wiſdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble Juſtice, ineffectual, drop
The ſword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And huſh'd the clamour of the buſy world.
Empty the ſtreets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worſt of deſarts ſudden turn'd
The chearful haunt of Men, unleſs eſcap'd
From the doom'd houſe, where matchleſs horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the ſmitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks looſe; and, loud to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwiſe. The ſullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors ſociety:
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himſelf,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,

* Theſe are the cauſes ſuppoſed to be the firſt origin of the Plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that ſubject.

The

et engagement of the feeling heart.
their ſelfiſh care: the circling ſky,
e enlivening air, is full of fate;
ruck by turns, in ſolitary pangs
d, unbleſt, untended, and unmourn'd.
er the proſtrate city black Deſpair
her raven wing; while, to complete
ıe of deſolation, ſtretch'd around,
n guards ſtand, denying all retreat,
e the flying wretch a better death.
yet remains unſung: the rage intenſe
en-vaulted ſkies, of iron fields,
lrought and famine ſtarve the blaſted year:
the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
ıriate hill that ſhoots the pillar'd flame;
us'd within the ſubterranean world,
ınding earthquake, that reſiſtleſs ſhakes
; cities from their ſolid baſe,
ies mountains in the flaming gulph.
enough; return, my vagrant Muſe:
: ſcene of horror calls thee home.
d, ſlow-ſettling o'er the lurid grove
darkneſs broods; and growing gains
poſſeſſion of the ſky, ſurcharg'd
athful vapour, from the ſecret beds,
leep the mineral generations, drawn.
nitre, ſulphur, and the fiery ſpume
itumen, ſteaming on the day,
rious-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
he ſky, and in yon baleful cloud,

A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The daſh of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious ſpring. A boding ſilence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanſe; ſave the dull ſou
That from the mountain, previous to the ſtorm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, diſturbs the flood,
And ſhakes the foreſt-leaf without a breath.
Proné, to the loweſt vale, th' aërial tribes
Deſcend: the tempeſt-loving raven ſcarce
Dares wing the dubious duſk. In rueful gaze
The cattle ſtand, and on the ſcowling heavens
Caſt a deploring eye; by man forſook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him faſt,
Or ſeeks the ſhelter of the downward cave.
'Tis liſtening fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive through the cloud;
And following ſlower, in exploſion vaſt,
The Thunder raiſes his tremendous voice.
At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flaſh a larger curve, and more
The noiſe aſtounds: till over head a ſheet
Of livid flame diſcloſes wide; then ſhuts,
And opens wider; ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping æther in a blaze.
Follows the looſen'd aggravated roar,

Enlar

Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Cruſh'd horrible, convulſing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of ſonorous hail,
Or prone-deſcending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning ſtruggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the ſtroke, above, the ſmouldering pine
Stands a ſad ſhatter'd trunk; and, ſtretch'd below,
A lifeleſs groupe the blaſted cattle lie:
Here the ſoft flocks, with that ſame harmleſs look
They wore alive, and ruminating ſtill
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the caſtled cliff,
The venerable tower and ſpiry fane
Reſign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flaſh, and from their deep receſs,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates ſhake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercuſſive roar: with mighty cruſh,
Into the flaſhing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the ſky,
Tumble the ſmitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
Diſſolving, inſtant yields his wintery load.
Far-ſeen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulè bellows through her utmoſt iſles.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head
Deſcends the fated flaſh. Young Celadon

And his Amelia were a matchleſs pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſex alone:
Hers the mild luſtre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the riſen day.

They lov'd: but ſuch their guileleſs paſſion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undiſſembling truth.
'Twas friendſhip heighten'd by the mutual wiſh,
Th' enchanting hope, and ſympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer ſelf;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the ſhades,
Still in harmonious intercourſe they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or ſigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So paſs'd their life, a clear united ſtream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far, and where its mazes ſtray'd,
While, with each other bleſt, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden ſmile around.
Preſaging inſtant fate, her boſom heav'd
Unwonted ſighs, and ſtealing oft a look
Of the big gloom on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſorder'd cheek.
In vain aſſuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repreſs'd her fear; it grew, and ſhook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd

Th'

Th' unequal conflict; and as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he ſaid,
"Sweet innocence! thou ſtranger to offence,
"And inward ſtorm! He, who yon ſkies involves
"In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the ſecret ſhaft
"That waſtes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmleſs: and that very voice,
"Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
"With tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers peace to thine.
"'Tis ſafety to be near thee ſure, and thus
"To claſp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Myſterious heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corſe, was ſtruck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he ſtood,
Pierc'd by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint reſemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-diſſembled mourner ſtooping ſtands,
For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad.

As from the face of heaven the ſhatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable ſky
Sublimer ſwells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air
A higher luſtre and a clearer calm,
Diffuſive, tremble; while, as if in ſign
Of danger paſt, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Inveſts the fields; and nature ſmiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful ſong around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
And ſhall the hymn be marr'd by thankleſs man,
Moſt favour'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, ſo ſoon forgetful of the hand
That huſh'd the thunder, and ſerenes the ſky,
Extinguiſh'd feel that ſpark the tempeſt wak'd,
That ſenſe of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has loſt its fears?
Chear'd by the milder beam, the ſprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whoſe cryſtal depth
A ſandy bottom ſhews. A while he ſtands
Gazing th' inverted landſkip, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon treſſes and his roſy cheek
Inſtant emerge; and through th' obedient wave,
At each ſhort breathing by his lip repel'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an eaſy-winding path:
While, from his poliſh'd ſides, a dewy light
Effuſes on the pleas'd ſpectators round.
This is the pureſt exerciſe of health,
The kind refreſher of the ſummer heats;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-ſhivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preſerv'd,
By the bold ſwimmer, in the ſwift illapſe

Of accident diſaſtrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the ſame Roman arm,
That roſe victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
Firſt learn'd, while tender, to ſubdue the wave.
Ev'n from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a ſecret ſympathetic aid.
Cloſe in the covert of an hazel copſe,
Where winded into pleaſing ſolitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon ſat,
Penſive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the ſtream that down the diſtant rocks
Hoarſe-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falſely he
Of Muſidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breaſt,
In baſhful coyneſs, or in maiden pride,
The ſoft return conceal'd; ſave when it ſtole
In ſide-long glances from her downcaſt eye,
Or from her ſwelling ſoul in ſtifled ſighs.
Touch'd by the ſcene, no ſtranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant paſſion ſtruggled there,
To call that paſſion forth. Thrice happy ſwain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Muſidora ſought:
Warm in her cheek the ſultry ſeaſon glow'd;
And, rob'd in looſe array, ſhe came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreſhing ſtream.

What ſhall he do? In ſweet confuſion loſt,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of ſoul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breaſt, and urg'd him to retire:
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, ſay,
Say, ye ſevereſt, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever bleſt
Arcadian ſtream, with timid eye around
The banks ſurveying, ſtrip'd her beauteous limbs,
To taſte the lucid coolneſs of the flood.
Ah, then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted ſtronger, when aſide
The rival-goddeſſes the veil divine
Caſt unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the ſnowy leg,
And ſlender foot, th' inverted ſilk ſhe drew;
As the ſoft touch diſſolv'd the virgin zone;
And, through the parting robe, th' alternate breaſt,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawleſs gaze
In full luxuriance roſe. But, deſperate youth,
How durſt thou riſque the ſoul-diſtracting view;
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious ſwell'd by Nature's fineſt hand,
In folds looſe-floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair-expos'd ſhe ſtood, ſhrunk from herſelf,
With fancy bluſhing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and ſtarting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood ſhe ruſh'd; the parted flood
Its lovely gueſt with cloſing wares receiv'd;

And

every beauty ſoftening, every grace
ing anew, a mellow luſtre ſhed:
ines the lily through the cryſtal mild;
the roſe amid the morning dew,
from Aurora's hand, more ſweetly glows.
e thus ſhe wanton'd, now beneath the wave
l-conceal'd; and now with ſtreaming locks,
half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
; again, the latent Damon drew
maddening draughts of beauty to the ſoul,
r a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
luxury too-daring. Check'd, at laſt,
e's reſpectful modeſty, he deem'd
heft profane, if aught profane to love
'er be deem'd; and, ſtruggling from the ſhade,
headlong hurry fled: but firſt theſe lines,
l by his ready pencil, on the bank
trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,
t unbeheld, ſave by the ſacred eye
faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
keep from thy receſs each vagrant foot,
l each licentious eye." With wild ſurprize,
to marble ſtruck, devoid of ſenſe,
ıid moment motionleſs ſhe ſtood:
ıds the *ſtatue that enchants the world,
ding ties to veil the matchleſs boaſt,
ingled beauties of exulting Greece.
ering, ſwift ſhe flew to find thoſe robes

* The Venus of Medici.

Which

Which bliſsful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careleſs haſte, th' alarming paper ſnatch'd.
But, when her Damon's well-known hand ſhe ſaw
Her terrors vaniſh'd, and a ſofter train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be deſcrib'd,
Her ſudden boſom ſeiz'd: ſhame void of guilt,
The charming bluſh of innocence, eſteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modeſty exalted: ev'n a ſenſe
Of ſelf-approving beauty ſtole acroſs
Her buſy thought. At length, a tender calm
Huſh'd by degrees the tumult of her ſoul;
And on the ſpreading beech, that o'er the ſtream
Incumbent hung, ſhe with the ſylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confeſſion carv'd,
Which ſoon her Damon kiſs'd with weeping joy:
"Dear youth! ſole judge of what theſe verſes mean,
"By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
"Alas! not favour'd leſs, be ſtill as now
"Diſcreet: the time may come you need not fly."
The ſun has loſt his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital luſtre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, thoſe beauteous robes of heav'n
Inceſſant roll'd into romantic ſhapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and ſwelling faſt
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the ſoft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
r

To ſeek the diſtant hills, and there converſe
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic ſong to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy uniſon of ſoul;
To whoſe exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpſe,
Diſplays its charms; whoſe minds are richly fraught
With philoſophic ſtores, ſuperior light;
And in whoſe breaſt, enthuſiaſtic, burns
Virtue, the ſons of intereſt deem romance;
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
To Nature's vaſt Lycéum, forth they walk;
By that kind School where no proud maſter reigns,
The full free converſe of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to ſweet retirement, lovers ſteal,
And pour their ſouls in tranſport, which the Sire
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good.*
Which way, Amanda, ſhall we bend our courſe?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore ſhould we chuſe?
All is the ſame with thee. Say, ſhall we wind
Along the ſtreams? or walk the ſmiling mead?
Or court the foreſt-glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harveſts? or aſcend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful * Shene? Here let us ſweep

* The old name of Richmond, ſignifying in Saxon *ſhining*, or *ſplendor*.

The

The boundleſs landſkip: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting ſwift, to huge Auguſta ſend,
Now to the * Siſter-Hills that ſkirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majeſtic Windſor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contraſt to this glorious view
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the ſilver Thames firſt rural grows.
There let the feaſted eye unwearied ſtray:
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And, ſtooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whoſe ſhades, in ſpotleſs peace retir'd,
With Her the pleaſing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queenſberry yet laments his Gay,
And poliſh'd Cornbury wooes the willing Muſe,
Slow let us trace the matchleſs Vale of Thames;
Fair-winding up to where the Muſes haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing God †; to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terraſs'd height, and Eſher's groves,
Where in the ſweeteſt ſolitude, embrac'd
By the ſoft windings of the ſilent Mole,
From courts and ſenates Pelham finds repoſe,
Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muſe
Has of Achaia or Heſperia ſung!
O vale of bliſs! O ſoftly-ſwelling hills!
On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,

* Highgate and Hamſtead. † In his laſt ſickneſs.

And

And joys to ſee the wonders of his toil.
  Heavens! what a goodly proſpect ſpreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and ſpires,
And glittering towns, and gilded ſtreams, till all
The ſtretching landſkip into ſmoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where, the Queen of Arts,
Inſpiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, ev'n to thy fartheſt cots,
And ſcatters plenty with unſparing hand.
  Rich is thy ſoil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy ſtreams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberleſs; while, roving round their ſides,
Bellow the blackening herds in luſty droves.
Beneath thy meadows glow, and riſe unquell'd
Againſt the mower's ſcythe. On every hand
Thy villas ſhine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property aſſures it to the ſwain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.
  Full are thy cities with the ſons of art;
And trade and joy, in every buſy ſtreet,
Mingling are heard: ev'n Drudgery himſelf,
As at the car he ſweats, or duſty hews
The palace-ſtone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where riſing maſts an endleſs proſpect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the ſhouts
Of hurried ſailor, as he hearty waves
His laſt adieu, and, looſening every ſheet,
Reſigns the ſpreading veſſel to the wind.

Bold,

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardſhip ſinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and firſt
Or on the liſted plain, or ſtormy ſeas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful ſires preſide;
In genius, and ſubſtantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hoſpitable, kind;
Yet, like the muſtering thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the ſole reſource
Of thoſe that under grim oppreſſion groan.
Thy Sons of Glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the ſplendor of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whoſe hallow'd names the Virtues ſaint,
And *his own* Muſes love; the beſt of *kings!*
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys ſhine,
Names dear to Fame; the firſt who deep impreſs'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius ſtill. In *ſtateſmen* thou,
And *patriots*, fertile. Thine a ſteady More,
Who, with a generous, though miſtaken zeal,
Withſtood a brutal tyrant's uſeful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Ariſtides juſt,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntleſs ſoul erect, who ſmil'd on death.
Frugal and wiſe, a Walſingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee miſtreſs of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.

Then

flam'd thy ſpirit high: but who can ſpeak
umerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
leigh mark their every glory mix'd;
gh, the ſcourge of Spain! whoſe breaſt with all
age, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd.
ink his vigour, when a coward-reign
arrior fetter'd, and at laſt reſign'd,
ut the vengeance of a vanquiſh'd foe.
, active ſtill and unreſtrain'd, his mind
r'd the vaſt extent of ages paſt,
with his priſon-hours enrich'd the world;
ound no times, in all the long reſearch,
orious, or ſo baſe, as thoſe he prov'd,
ich he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
an the Muſe the gallant Sidney paſs,
plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
mden too is thine, illuſtrious land,
, ſtrenuous, firm, of unſubmitting ſoul,
ſtem'd the torrent of a downward age
avery prone, and bade thee riſe again,
thy native pomp of freedom bold.
it, at his call, thy age of *men* effulg'd,
en on whom late time a kindling eye
turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
; every ſweeteſt flower, and let me ſtrew
grave where Ruſſel lies; whoſe temper'd blood,
calmeſt chearfulneſs for thee reſign'd,
'd the ſad annals of a giddy reign;
ng at lawleſs power, though meanly ſunk

In

In looſe inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the *Britiſh Caſſius, fearleſs bled;
Of high determin'd ſpirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*;
Soon as the light of dawning Science ſpread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muſes' ſong.
Thine is a Bacon; hapleſs in his choice,
Unfit to ſtand the civil ſtorm of ſtate,
And through the ſmooth barbarity of courts,
With firm, but pliant virtue, forward ſtill
To urge his courſe: him for the ſtudious ſhade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehenſive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich ſoul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloiſter'd monks, and jargon-teaching ſchools,
Led forth the true Philoſophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that, ſlow-aſcending ſtill,
Inveſtigating ſure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to Heaven again.
The generous † Aſhley thine, the friend of man;
Who ſcann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
His weakneſs prompt to ſhade, to raiſe his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,

* Algernon Sidney.
† Anthony Aſhley Cooper, Earl of Shafteſbury.

And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whoſe pious ſearch
Amid the dark receſſes of his works,
The great Creator ſought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, *pure Intelligence*, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundleſs works
Fram laws ſublimely ſimple, ſpeak thy fame
In all philoſophy. For lofty ſenſe,
Creative fancy, and inſpection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakeſpeare thine and Nature's boaſt?
Is not each great, each amiable Muſe
Of claſſic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius univerſal as his theme;
Aſtoniſhing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven ſublime.
Nor ſhall my verſe that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenſer, Fancy's pleaſing ſon;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his ſong
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his ancient maſter, laughing ſage,
Chaucer, whoſe native manners-painting verſe,
Well-moraliz'd, ſhines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
May my ſong ſoften, as thy Daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, ſimplicity of life,
And elegance, and taſte: the faultleſs form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,

Where the live crimſon, through the native white
Soft-ſhooting, o'er the face diffuſes bloom,
And every nameleſs grace; the parted lip,
Like the red roſe-bud moiſt with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or ſunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck ſlight-ſhaded, and the ſwelling breaſt;
The look reſiſtleſs, piercing to the ſoul,
And by the ſoul inform'd, when dreſt in love
She ſits high-ſmiling in the conſcious eye.

Iſland of bliſs! amid the ſubject ſeas,
That thunder round thy rocky coaſts, ſet up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of diſtant nations; whoſe remoteſt ſhores
Can ſoon be ſhaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be ſhook thyſelf, but all aſſaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud ſea-wave.

O Thou! by whoſe almighty *nod* the ſcale
Of empire riſes, or alternate falls,
Send forth the ſaving Virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white Peace, and ſocial Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent,
On gentle deeds, and ſhedding tears through ſmiles
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; ſound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chaſtity,
With bluſhes reddening as ſhe moves along,
Diſorder'd at the deep regard ſhe draws;
Rough Induſtry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:

W

in the radiant front, ſuperior ſhines
rſt paternal virtue, *Public Zeal*;
hrows o'er all an equal wide ſurvey,
:ver muſing on the common weal,
ɔours glorious with ſome great deſign.
walks the ſun, and broadens by degrees,
:r the verge of day. The ſhifting clouds
ıled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
heir pomp attend his ſetting throne.
ırth, and ocean ſmile immenſe. And now,
ıis weary chariot ſought the bowers
ıphitrité, and her tending nymphs,
:cian fable ſung) he dips his orb;
alf-immers'd; and now a golden curve
ɔne bright glance, then total diſappears.
ever running an enchanted round,
he day, deceitful, vain, and void;
:ts the viſion o'er the formful brain,
ıoment hurrying wild th' impaſſion'd ſoul,
:xt in nothing loſt. 'Tis ſo to him,
'eamer of this earth, an idle blank:
: of horror to the cruel wretch,
all day long in ſordid pleaſure roll'd,
f an uſeleſs load, has ſquander'd vile,
ıis ſcoundrel train, what might have chear'd
ping family of modeſt worth.
the generous ſtill-improving mind,
ives the hopeleſs heart to ſing for joy,
ıg kind beneficence around,
ſs, as now deſcends the ſilent dew;

To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.
Confeſs'd from yonder ſlow-extinguiſh'd clouds,
All æther ſoftening, ſober Evening takes
Her wonted ſtation in the middle air;
A thouſand *ſhadows* at her beck. Firſt *this*
She ſends on earth; then *that* of deeper dye
Steals ſoft behind; and then a *deeper* ſtill,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To cloſe the face of things. A freſher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and ſtir the ſtream,
Sweeping with ſhadowy guſt the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thiſtly lawn, as ſwells the breeze,
A whitening ſhower of vegetable down
Amuſive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought diſdains: thoughtful to feed
Her loweſt ſons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd ſeeds ſhe wings.
His folded flock ſecure, the ſhepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witleſs heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguiſh means,
Sincerely loves, by that beſt language ſhewn
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they paſs, o'er many a panting height,
And valley ſunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry, to paſs

The ſummer-night, as village-ſtories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Againſt his own ſad breaſt to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is alſo ſhunn'd; whoſe mournful chambers hold,
So night-ſtruck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghoſt.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and, through the dark,
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter-robe
Of maſſy Stygian woof, but looſe array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect ſurfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the ſtraining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and ſtreams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' aſcending gleam, are all one ſwimming ſcene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary viſion turns; where, leading ſoft
The ſilent hours of love, with pureſt ray
Sweet Venus ſhines; and from her genial riſe,
When day-light ſickens till it ſprings afreſh,
Unrival'd reigns, the faireſt lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cheriſh'd gaze, the lambent lightnings ſhoot
Acroſs the ſky; or horizontal dart
In wondrous ſhapes: by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the ſky,

The life-infuſing ſuns of other worlds;
Lo! from the dread immenſity of ſpace
Returning, with accelerated courſe,
The ruſhing comet to the ſun deſcends;
And as he ſinks below the ſhading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Thoſe ſuperſtitious horrors that enſlave
The fond ſequacious herd, to myſtic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
Whoſe godlike minds philoſophy exalts,
The glorious ſtranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting ſpurns
This duſky ſpot, and meaſures all the ſky;
While, from his far excurſion through the wilds
Of barren æther, faithful to his time,
They ſee the blazing wonder riſe anew,
In ſeeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-ſuſtaining Love:
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to ſhake
Reviving moiſture on the numerous orbs,
Through which his long ellipſis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining ſuns,
To light-up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.
With thee, ſerene Philoſophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my ſong!
Effuſive ſource of evidence, and truth!
A luſtre ſhedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than ſummer-noon; and pure as that,

Whoſe

Whoſe mild vibrations ſoothe the parted ſoul,
New to the dawning of celeſtial day.
Hence through her nouriſh'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She ſprings aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling maſs of low deſires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of ſcience and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the ſtarry regions, or th' abyſs,
To Reaſon's and to Fancy's eye diſplay'd:
The *Firſt* up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of cauſes and effects to Him,
The world-producing Eſſence, who alone
Poſſeſſes being; while the *Laſt* receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier ſenſe,
Diffuſive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With muſic, image, ſentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treaſure of mankind!
Their higheſt honour, and their trueſt joy!

Without thee what were unenlighten'd man?
A ſavage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In queſt of prey; and with th' unfaſhion'd furr
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happineſs
Domeſtic, mix'd of tenderneſs and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor ſocial bliſs,

Nor guardian law were his; nor various ſkill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearleſs braves
The burning line, or dares the wintery pole;
Mother ſevere of infinite delights!
Nothing, ſave rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a ſtill-revolving train!
Whoſe horrid circle had made human life
Than non-exiſtence worſe: but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embelliſh life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philoſophy directs
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
Of potent heaven, inviſible, the ſail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.
Nor to this evaneſcent ſpeck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who *ſpoke the Word*,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom ſwift ſhe turns
Her eye; and inſtant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vaniſh or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order ſhift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:

To

aſon then, deducing truth from truth;
notion quite abſtract; where firſt begins
vorld of ſpirits, action all, and life
ter'd, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
lls Eternal Providence, ſits deep.
gh for us to know that this dark ſtate,
ıyward paſſions loſt, and vain purſuits,
Infancy of Being, cannot prove
inal iſſue of the works of God,
ıundleſs Love and perfect Wiſdom form'd,
:ver riſing with the riſing mind.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN. 1730.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſſed to Mr. Onſlow. A proſpect of the fields ready for harveſt. Reflections in praiſe of induſtry raiſed by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harveſt-ſtorm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A deſcription of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digreſſion, enquiring into the riſe of fountains and rivers. Birds of ſeaſon conſidered, that now ſhift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and weſtern iſles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A proſpect of the diſcoloured, fading woods. After a gentle duſky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which ſucceeds a calm, pure, ſun-ſhiny day, ſuch as uſually ſhuts up the ſeaſon. The harveſt being gathered-in, the country diſſolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philoſophical country life.

CROWN'D with the ſickle and the wheaten ſheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on; the Doric reed once more

Well

leas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintery froſt
s prepar'd; the various-bloſſom'd Spring
white promiſe forth; and Summer ſuns
ted ſtrong, ruſh boundleſs now to view,
erfect all, and ſwell my glorious theme.
ow! the Muſe, ambitious of thy name,
ce, inſpire, and dignify her ſong,
from the *Public Voice* thy gentle ear
e engage. Thy noble care ſhe knows,
triot virtues that diſtend thy thought,
on thy front, and in thy boſom glow;
liſtening ſenates hang upon thy tongue,
ing through the maze of eloquence
of periods ſweeter than her ſong.
: too pants for public virtue; ſhe,
h weak of power, yet ſtrong in ardent will,
'er her country ruſhes on her heart,
:s a bolder note, and fondly tries
t the patriot's with the poet's flame.
n the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
ibra weighs in equal ſcales the year;
eaven's high cope the fierce effulgence ſhook
ing ſummer, a ſerener blue,
olden light enliven'd, wide inveſts
ppy world. Attemper'd ſuns ariſe,
eam'd, and ſhedding oft through lucid clouds
ing calm; while broad, and brown, below
ve harveſts hang the heavy head.
ilent, deep, they ſtand; for not a gale
s light billows o'er the bending plain:

A calm

A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poiſe, and gives the breeze to blow
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the ſky;
The clouds fly different; and the ſudden ſun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the ſhadows ſweep along.
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can ſhoot around,
Unbounded toſſing in a flood of corn.

Theſe are thy bleſſings, Induſtry! rough powe
Whom labour ſtill attends, and ſweat, and pain;
Yet the kind ſource of every gentle art,
And all the ſoft civility of life:
Raiſer of human-kind! by Nature caſt,
Naked, and helpleſs, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various ſeeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profuſely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconſcious breaſt,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption ſtill,
Voracious, ſwallow'd what the liberal hand
Of bounty ſcatter'd o'er the ſavage year:
And ſtill the ſad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beaſts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tuſky boar; a ſhivering wretch!
Aghaſt, and comfortleſs, when the bleak north,
With winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempeſt fly,
Hail, rain, and ſnow, and bitter-breathing froſt:
Then to the ſhelter of the hut he fled;

And the wild ſeaſon, ſordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the reſort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and ſupported, poliſh'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliſs.
But this the rugged ſavage never felt,
Ev'n deſolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waſte of time! till Induſtry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miſerable ſloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out
Where laviſh Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; ſhew'd him how to raiſe
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blaſt;
Gave the tall ancient foreſt to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the ſtone,
Till by degrees the finiſh'd fabric roſe;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly veſtment warm,
Or bright in gloſſy ſilk, and flowing lawn;
With wholeſome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glaſs around, inſpir'd to wake
The life-refining ſoul of decent wit:
Nor ſtop'd at barren bare neceſſity;
But, ſtill advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleaſure, elegance, and grace;
And, breathing high ambition through his ſoul,

Set

Set ſcience, wiſdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below.
Then gathering men their natural powers combi
And form'd a Publick; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly repreſented *whole*;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Diſtinguiſh'd orders, animated arts,
And, with joint force Oppreſſion chaining, ſet
Imperial Juſtice at the helm; yet ſtill
To them accountable; nor ſlaviſh dream'd
That toiling millions muſt reſign their weal,
And all the honey of their ſearch, to ſuch
As for themſelves alone themſelves have rais'd.
Hence every form of cultivated life
In order ſet, protected, and inſpir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurſe of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
And, ſtretching ſtreet on ſtreet, by thouſands drew
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows ſtrong-ſtraining, her aſpiring ſons.
Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The buſy merchant; the big warehouſe built;
Rais'd the ſtrong crane; choak'd up the loaded ſtr
With foreign plenty; and thy ſtream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majeſtic, king of floods!
Choſe for his grand reſort. On either hand,

Like a long wintery foreſt, groves of maſts
Shot up their ſpires; the bellying ſheet between
Poſſeſs'd the breezy void; the ſooty hulk
Steer'd ſluggiſh on; the ſplendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light-ſkimming, ſtretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak
To bear the Britiſh Thunder, black, and bold,
The roaring veſſel ruſh'd into the main.
  Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering ſtores; the canvas ſmooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied roſe; the ſtatue ſeem'd to breathe,
And ſoften into fleſh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-fluſh'd.
  All is the gift of Induſtry; whate'er
Exalts, embelliſhes, and renders life
Delightful. Penſive Winter chear'd by him
Sits at the ſocial fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempeſt idly rave along;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waſte;
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus tranſmit
Thoſe full, mature, immeaſurable ſtores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering ſong.
  Soon as the morning trembles o'er the ſky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the ſpreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers ſtand,

In

In fair array; each by the laſs he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameleſs gentle offices her toil.
At once they ſtoop and ſwell the luſty ſheaves;
While through their chearful band the rural talk,
The rural ſcandal, and the rural jeſt,
Fly harmleſs, to deceive the tedious time,
And ſteal unfelt the ſultry hours away.
Behind the maſter walks, builds-up the ſhocks;
And, conſcious, glancing oft on every ſide
His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners ſpread around, and here and there,
Spike after ſpike, their ſcanty harveſt pick.
Be not too narrow, huſbandmen! but fling
From the full ſheaf, with charitable ſtealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
How good the God of Harveſt is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While theſe unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you like the fowls of heaven,
And aſk their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your ſons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune ſmil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of every ſtay, ſave Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;

By

ude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
:e by baſhful modeſty, conceal'd.
:r thus they ſhunn'd the cruel ſcorn
virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
iddy paſſion and low-minded pride:
on Nature's common bounty fed;
e gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.
n was freſher than the morning roſe,
he dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd and pure,
e lily, or the mountain ſnow.
deſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
the ground dejected, darting all
umid beams into the blooming flowers:
1 the mournful tale her mother told,
t her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
ing, ſhone in tears. A native grace
proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
n a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
the pomp of dreſs; for lovelineſs
ot the foreign aid of ornament,
hen unadorn'd adorn'd the moſt.
tleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
amid the cloſe-embowering woods.
e hollow breaſt of Appenine,
the ſhelter of encircling hills,
e riſes, far from human eye,
athes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
ſh'd blooming, and unſeen by all,

The ſweet Lavinia; till, at length, compel'd
By ſtrong Neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as Arcadian ſong
Tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze:
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her downcaſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd.

" What pity! that ſo delicate a form,
" By beauty kindled, where enlivening ſenſe
" And more than vulgar goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
" Should be devoted to the rude embrace
" Of ſome indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
" Of old Acaſto's line; and to my mind
" Recalls that patron of my happy life,

" From

" From whom my liberal fortune took its riſe;
" Now to the duſt gone down; his houſes, lands,
" And once fair-ſpreading family, diſſolv'd.
" 'Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
" Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
" Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
" His aged widow and his daughter live,
" Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find.
" Romantic wiſh! would this the daughter were!"
When, ſtrict enquiring, from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acaſto; who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpriz'd his heart,
And through his nerves in ſhivering tranſport ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties fluſh'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, paſſionate and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.
" And art thou then Acaſto's dear remains?
" She, whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought
" So long in vain? O, heavens! the very ſame,
" The ſoften'd image of my noble friend,
" Alive his every look, his every feature,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
" Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
" That nouriſh'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
" In what ſequeſter'd deſert, haſt thou drawn

The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie ſunk, and flatted, in the ſordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches ſwell; the meadows ſwim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable ſtreams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whoſe ruſhing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harveſts, cottages, and ſwains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had ſpar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treaſures of the painful year.
Fled to ſome eminence, the huſbandman
Helpleſs beholds, the miſerable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Deſcending, with his labours ſcatter'd round,
He ſees; and inſtant o'er his ſhivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye maſters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That ſinks you ſoft in elegance and eaſe;
Be mindful of thoſe limbs in ruſſet clad
Whoſe toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
And, oh! be mindful of that ſparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuſe,
Makes your glaſs ſparkle, and your ſenſe rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have ſwept away.
  Here the rude clamour of the ſportſman's joy,
The gun faſt-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muſe to ſing the *rural game*:
How, in his mid-career, the ſpaniel ſtruck,

Stiff,

Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open noſe,
Out-ſtretch'd, and finely ſenſible, *draws* full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the ſun the circling covey baſk
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Through the rough ſtubble turn the ſecret eye.
Caught in the meſhy ſnare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
Nor on the ſurges of the boundleſs air,
Though borne triumphant, are they ſafe; the gun,
Glanc'd juſt, and ſudden, from the fowler's eye
O'ertakes their ſounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-diſpers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.
  Theſe are not ſubjects for the peaceful Muſe,
Nor will ſhe ſtain with ſuch her ſpotleſs ſong;
Then moſt delighted, when ſhe ſocial ſees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falſely-chearful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleaſure, which the reſtleſs youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beaſts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by neceſſity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conſcious ravage ſhun'd the light,
Aſham'd. Not ſo the ſteady tyrant man,
Who with the thoughtleſs inſolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the moſt infuriate wrath
Of the worſt monſter that e'er roam'd the waſte,

For ſport alone purſues the cruel chace,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawleſs want;
But laviſh fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguiſh, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid boſoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Sear'd from the corn, and now to ſome lone ſeat
Retir'd: the ruſhy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the ſtony heath; the ſtubble chapt;
The thiſtly lawn; the thick entangled broom;
Of the ſame friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the ſun,
Concoctive; and the nodding ſandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her beſt precaution; though ſhe ſits
Conceal'd, with folded ears; unſleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
And head couch'd cloſe betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to ſpring away. The ſcented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In ſcatter'd ſullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze ſhe hears the coming ſtorm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The ſighing gale, ſhe ſprings amaz'd, and all
The ſavage ſoul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the ſhrill horn
Reſounded from the hills; the neighing ſteed,
Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's ſhout;

O'er

weak, harmleſs, flying creature, all
in mad tumult, and diſcordant joy.
ſtag too, ſingled from the herd, where long
g'd the branching monarch of the ſhades,
the tempeſt drives. At firſt, in ſpeed
rightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
all his ſwift aërial ſoul to flight;
ſt the breeze he darts, that way the more
ve the leſſening murderous cry behind:
tion ſhort! though fleeter than the winds
o'er the keen-air'd mountains by the north,
rſts the thickets, glances through the glades,
lunges deep into the wildeſt wood;
v, yet ſure, adhefive to the track
eaming, up behind him come again
human rout, and from the ſhady depth
him, circling through his every ſhift.
eeps the foreſt oft; and ſobbing ſees
lades, mild opening to the golden day;
e, in kind conteſt, with his butting friends
nt to ſtruggle, or his loves enjoy.
the full-deſcending flood he tries
ſe the ſcent, and lave his burning ſides:
eks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
ſelfiſh care avoid a brother's woe.
ſhall he do? His once ſo vivid nerves,
l of buoyant ſpirit, now no more
: the courſe; but fainting breathleſs toil,
ſeizes on his heart: he ſtands at bay;
uts his laſt weak refuge in deſpair.

The

The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguiſh; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting cheſt,
And mark his beauteous checker'd ſides with gore.
Of this enough. But if the ſylvan youth,
Whoſe fervent blood boils into violence,
Muſt have the chace; behold, deſpiſing flight,
The rous'd-up lion, reſolute, and ſlow,
Advancing full on the protended ſpear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his ſhaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell deſtruction, to the monſter's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
Theſe Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then
Your ſportive fury, pityleſs, to pour
Looſe on the nightly robber of the fold:
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chace purſue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, reſiſtleſs; nor the deep moraſs
Refuſe, but through the ſhaking wilderneſs
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearleſs, of the raging inſtinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph ſound ſonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echos toſt;
Then ſcale the mountains to their woody tops;

Ruſh

down the dangerous ſteep; and o'er the lawn,
ıcy ſwallowing up the ſpace between,
ıll your ſpeed into the rapid game,
ıppy he! who tops the wheeling chace;
ɾery maze evolv'd, and every guile
s'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
ſaw the villain ſeiz'd, and dying hard,
ıut complaint, though by an hundred mouths
tleſs torn: O glorious he, beyond
ıring peers! when the retreating horn
them to ghoſtly halls of grey renown,
woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,
ıding decent from the roof; and ſpread
l the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,
ag's large front: he then is loudeſt heard,
ı the night ſtaggers with ſeverer toils,
feats Theſſalian Centaurs never knew,
heir repeated wonders ſhake the dome.
firſt the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
ınkards foam; and the ſtrong table groans
th the ſmoking ſurloin, ſtretch'd immenſe
ſide to ſide; in which, with deſperate knife,
deep inciſion make, and talk the while
ıgland's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
hence they borrow vigour: or amain
ıe paſty plung'd, at intervals,
ıach keen can intervals allow,
ng all the glories of the chace.
ſated Hunger bids his brother Thirſt
:e the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,

Swell'd

Swell'd high with fiery juice, ſteams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of Maia to the love-ſick ſhepherdeſs,
On violets diffus'd, while ſoft ſhe hears
Her panting ſhepherd ſtealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honeſt front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Ev'n with the vineyard's beſt produce to vie.
To cheat the thirſty moments, Whiſt a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of ſmoke,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The founding gammon: while romp-loving miſs
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robuſt.
At laſt theſe puling idleneſſes laid
Aſide, frequent and full, the dry divan
Cloſe in firm circle; and ſet, ardent, in
For ſerious drinking. Nor evaſion ſly,
Nor ſober ſhift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earneſt, brimming bowls
Lave every ſoul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithleſs to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they ſwim in mutual ſwill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels faſt from theme to theme; from horſes, hounds,
To church or miſtreſs, politics or ghoſt,
In endleſs mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Mean-time, with ſudden interruption, loud,

Th'

npatient catch burſts from the joyous heart;
moment touch'd is every kindred ſoul;
opening in a full-mouth'd *cry* of joy,
ıugh, the ſlap, the jocund curſe, go round;
:, from their ſlumbers ſhook, the kennel'd hounds
n the muſic of the day again.
ıen the tempeſt, that has vex'd the deep
ark night long, with fainter murmurs falls:
ıdual ſinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues
e to take up the cumberous word,
ıite diſſolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
lim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
he ſun wading through the miſty ſky.
ſliding ſoft, they drop. Confus'd above,
s and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
the table ev'n itſelf was drunk,
wet broken ſcene; and wide, below,
p'd the ſocial ſlaughter: where aſtride
ıbber Power in filthy triumph ſits,
ıerous, inclining ſtill from ſide to ſide,
keeps them drench'd in potent ſleep till morn.
ɔs ſome doctor, of tremendous paunch,
l and deep, a black abyſs of drink,
.ves them all; and from his bury'd flock
ng, full of rumination ſad,
nts the weakneſs of theſe latter times.
: if the rougher ſex by this fierce ſport
ried wild, let not ſuch horrid joy
tain the boſom of the Britiſh Fair.
: the ſpirit of the chace from them!

Uncomely

Uncomely courage, unbeſeeming ſkill;
To ſpring the fence, to rein the prancing ſteed;
The cap, the whip, the maſculine attire;
In which they roughen to the ſenſe, and all
The winning ſoftneſs of their ſex is loſt.
In them 'tis graceful to diſſolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready bluſh;
And from the ſmalleſt violence to ſhrink
Unequal, then the lovelieſt in their fears;
And by this ſilent adulation, ſoft,
To their protection more engaging man.
O may their eyes no miſerable ſight,
Save weeping lovers, ſee! a nobler game,
Through Love's enchanting wiles purſued, yet fled,
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the looſe ſimplicity of dreſs!
And, faſhion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to ſeize the captivated ſoul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languiſh; with ſmooth ſtep,
Diſcloſing motion in its every charm,
To ſwim along, and ſwell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the ſnowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race
To rear their graces into ſecond life;
To give ſociety its higheſt taſte;
Well-order'd home man's beſt delight to make;

r ſubmiſſive wiſdom, modeſt ſkill,
very gentle care-eluding art,
ſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
veeten all the toils of human life:
e the female dignity, and praiſe.
wains, now haſten to the hazel bank;
, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
oarſe from ſteep to ſteep. In cloſe array,
the thickets and the tangling ſhrub,
gins come. For you their lateſt ſong
oodlands raiſe; the cluſtering nuts for you
ver finds amid the ſecret ſhade;
where they burniſh on the topmoſt bough,
ctive vigour cruſhes down the tree;
kes them ripe from the reſigning huſk,
ſy ſhower, and of an ardent brown,
the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
la! form'd with every grace complete,
eſe neglecting, above beauty wiſe,
ir tranſcending ſuch a vulgar praiſe.
ce from the buſy joy-reſounding fields,
rful error, let us tread the maze
tumn, unconfin'd; and taſte, reviv'd,
eath of orchard big with bending fruit.
nt to the breeze and beating ray,
he deep-loaded bough a mellow ſhower
it melts away. The juicy pear
n a ſoft profuſion, ſcatter'd round.
ous ſweetneſs ſwells the gentle race;
ure's all-refining hand prepar'd;

Of

Of temper'd ſun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing compoſition mixt.
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant ſtores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the luſty-handed year,
Innumerous, o'er the bluſhing orchard ſhakes.
A various ſpirit, freſh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirſty tongue:
Thy *native* theme, and boon inſpirer too,
Phillips, Pomona's bard, the ſecond thou
Who nobly durſt, in rhyme-unfetter'd verſe,
With Britiſh freedom ſing the Britiſh ſong:
How, from Silurian vats, high-ſparkling wines
Foam in tranſparent floods; ſome ſtrong, to cheer
The wintery revels of the labouring hind;
And taſteful ſome, to cool the ſummer-hours.
In this glad ſeaſon, while his ſweeteſt beams
The ſun ſheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
Oh, loſe me in the green delightful walks
Of, Doddington, thy ſeat, ſerene, and plain;
Where ſimple Nature reigns; and every view,
Diffuſive, ſpreads the pure Dorſetian downs,
In boundleſs proſpect: yonder ſhagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harveſt, and there white with flocks!
Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-ſplendid, ſeizes on the raviſh'd eye.
New beauties riſe with each revolving day;
New columns ſwell; and ſtill the freſh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.

Full

of thy genius all! the Muſes' ſeat:
e in the ſecret bower, and winding walk,
irtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
wandering oft, fir'd with the reſtleſs thirſt
y applauſe, I ſolitary court
nſpiring breeze: and meditate the book
ature ever open; aiming thence,
n from the heart, to learn the moral ſong.
as I ſteal along the ſunny wall,
e Autumn baſks, with fruit empurpled deep,
leaſing theme continual prompts my thought:
its the downy peach; the ſhining plumb;
uddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
ith his ample leaf, the luſcious fig.
ine too here her curling tendrils ſhoots;
s out her cluſters, glowing to the ſouth;
carcely wiſhes for a warmer ſky.
rn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
gorous ſoils, and climes of fair extent;
e, by the potent ſun elated high,
ineyard ſwells refulgent on the day;
ds o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
ſe; and drinks amid the ſunny rocks,
cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
bend the weighty boughs. The cluſters clear,
through the foliage ſeen, or ardent flame,
ine tranſparent; while perfection breathes
e o'er the turgent film the living dew.
us they brighten with exalted juice,
n'd into flavour by the mingling ray;

The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and ſpeak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the cruſhing ſwain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the maſhy flood;
That, by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
The claret ſmooth, red as the lip we preſs
In ſparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-taſted Burgundy; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.
Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Deſcend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle ſky unſeen they ſtole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vaſt, ſublime,
Who pours a ſweep of rivers from his ſides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long diviſion, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled ſenſe
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge duſk, gradual, ſwallows up the plain:
Vaniſh the woods; the dim-ſeen river ſeems
Sullen, and ſlow, to roll the miſty wave.
Ev'n in the height of noon oppreſt, the ſun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
He frights the nations. Indiſtinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life

Objects

Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waſte
The ſhepherd ſtalks gigantic. Till at laſt
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles ſtill
Succeſſive cloſing, ſits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formleſs grey confuſion covers all.
As when of old (ſo ſung the Hebrew Bard)
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
Theſe roving miſts, that conſtant now begin
To ſmoke along the hilly country, theſe,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine ſnows,
The mountain-ciſterns fill, thoſe ample ſtores
Of water, ſcoop'd among the hollow rocks;
Whence guſh the ſtreams, the ceaſeleſs fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some ſages ſay, that, where the numerous wave
For ever laſhes the reſounding ſhore,
Drill'd through the ſandy ſtratum, every way,
The waters with the ſandy ſtratum riſe;
Amid whoſe angles infinitely ſtrain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy ſalts behind,
And clear and ſweeten, as they ſoak along.
Nor ſtops the reſtleſs fluid, mounting ſtill,
Though oft amidſt th' irriguous vale it ſprings;
But to the mountain courted by the ſand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Freſh into day; and all the glittering hill

Is bright with ſpouting rills. But hence this vain
Amuſive dream! why ſhould the waters love
To take ſo far a journey to the hills,
When the ſweet vallies offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led aſtray,
They muſt aſpire; why ſhould they ſudden ſtop
Among the broken mountain's ruſhy dells,
And, ere they gain its higheſt peak, deſert
Th' attractive ſand that charm'd their courſe ſo long
Beſides, the hard agglomerating ſalts,
The ſpoil of ages, would impervious choak
Their ſecret channels; or, by ſlow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the ſwelling vales:
Old Ocean too, ſuck'd through the porous globe,
Had long ere now forſook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's watery times again.

Say then, where lurk the vaſt eternal ſprings,
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their laviſh ſtores
Refreſh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
O, thou pervading Genius, given to man,
To trace the ſecrets of the dark abyſs,
O, lay the mountains bare! and wide diſplay
Their hidden ſtructure to th' aſtoniſh'd view!
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From Aſian Taurus, from Imaus ſtretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's ſullen bounds!
Give opening Hemus to my ſearching eye,

ıigh Olympus pouring many a ſtream!
om the ſounding ſummits of the north,
Dofrine Hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
rtheſt Lapland and the frozen main;
lofty Caucaſus, far-ſeen by thoſe
in the Caſpian and black Euxine toil;
cold Riphean Rocks, which the wild Ruſs
ves the * *ſtony girdle* of the world;
all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in ſtorm,
nce wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
veep th' eternal ſnows! Hung o'er the deep,
ever works beneath his ſounding baſe,
Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
ubterranean wonders ſpread! unveil
niny caverns, blazing on the day,
byſſinia's cloud compelling cliffs,
of the bending † Mountains of the Moon!
opping all theſe giant ſons of earth,
ıe dire Andes, from the radiant line
:h'd to the ſtormy ſeas that thunder round
ſouthern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
ting ſcene! Behold! the glooms diſcloſe,
the rivers in their infant beads!
, deep I hear them, labouring to get free!
the leaning ſtrata, artful rang'd;

* The Muſcovites call the Riphean Mountains We-
Zamenypoys, that is, *the great ſtony Girdle*: be-
cauſe they ſuppoſe them to encompaſs the whole earth.
† A range of mountains in Africa, that ſurround al-
moſt all Monomotapa.

The gaping fiſſures to receive the rains,
The melting ſnows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above I ſee the ſands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running clefts;
That, while the ſtealing moiſture they tranſmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waſte.
Beneath th' inceſſant weeping of theſe drains,
I ſee the rocky ſyphons ſtretch'd immenſe,
The mighty reſervoirs, of harden'd chalk,
Or ſtiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated ſtores,
The cryſtal treaſures of the liquid world,
Through the ſtirr'd ſands a bubbling paſſage burſt;
And welling out, around the middle ſteep,
Or from the bottoms of the boſom'd hills,
In pure effuſion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling ſun, the vapour-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
Theſe vapours in continual current draw,
And ſend them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A ſocial commerce hold, and firm ſupport
The full-adjuſted harmony of things.

When Autumn ſcatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The ſwallow-people; and toſs'd wide around,
O'er the calm ſky, in convolution ſwift,
The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,

Ere

Ere to their wintery ſlumbers they retire;
In cluſters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierc'd by froſt, the cavern ſweats,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of ſeaſon, there
They twitter chearful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.
  Where the Rhine loſes his majeſtic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the ſtrong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The ſtork-aſſembly meets; for many a day,
Conſulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid ſky.
And now their rout deſign'd, their leaders choſe,
Their tribes adjuſted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a ſhort eſſay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figur'd flight aſcends; and, riding high
Th' aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.
  Or where the Northern ocean, in vaſt whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy iſles
Of fartheſt Thulè, and th' Atlantic ſurge
Pours in among the ſtormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what tranſmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds ariſe?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air
And rude reſounding ſhore are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmleſs native his ſmall flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little iſland's verdant ſwell,
The ſhepherd's ſea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his avarious food;
Or ſweeps the fiſhy ſhore; or treaſures up
The plumage, riſing full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here a while the Muſe,
High hovering o'er the broad cœrulean ſcene,
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Inveſted with a keen diffuſive ſky,
Breathing the ſoul acute; her foreſts huge,
Incult, robuſt, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extenſive, and of watery wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool tranſlucent brimming flood
Waſh'd lovely from the Tweed (pure *parent ſtream*,
Whoſe paſtoral banks firſt heard my Doric reed,
With, ſylvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempeſt foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's higheſt peak:
Nurſe of a people, in misfortune's ſchool
Train'd up to hardy deeds; ſoon viſited
By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her weſtern flight. A manly race,
Of unſubmitting ſpirit, wiſe, and brave;
Who ſtill through bleeding ages ſtruggled hard,
(As well unhappy Wallace can atteſt,

Great

atriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
l a generous undiminish'd ſtate;
ich in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
nt, and by tempting glory borne
ery land, for every land their life
w'd profuſe, their piercing genius plann'd,
ell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
n their own clear north, in radiant ſtreams,
over Europe burſts the Boreal Morn.
is there not ſome patriot, in whoſe power
eſt, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
ſing thouſands, thouſands yet unborn,
h late poſterity? ſome, large of ſoul,
ar dejected induſtry? to give
le harveſt to the pining ſwain?
ach the labouring hind the ſweets of toil?
by the fineſt art, the native robe
ve; how, white as Hyperborean ſnow,
n the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
dash wide the billow; nor look on,
tally paſſive, while Batavian fleets
d us of the glittering finny ſwarms,
eave our friths, and crowd upon our ſhores;
l-enlivening trade to rouſe, and wing
oſperous ſail, from every growing port,
r'd, round the ſea-encircled globe;
us, in ſoul united as in name,
tain reign the miſtreſs of the deep?
there are ſuch. And full on thee, Argyll,
pe, her ſtay, her darling, and her boaſt,

From

From her firſt patriots and her heroes ſprung,
Thyfond imploring country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, ſees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wiſdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of ſulphurous war, on Teniers' dreadful field.
Nor leſs the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:
For, powerful as thy ſword, from thy rich tongue
Perſuaſion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth ſincere, as weeping friendſhip kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in ſilence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wiſdom, by thy ſoul inform'd;
And ſeldom has ſhe known a friend like thee.

But ſee the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over ſhade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, duſk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan-declining green
To ſooty dark. Theſe now the loneſome Muſe,
Low-whiſpering, lead into their leaf-ſtrown walks,
And give the ſeaſon in its lateſt view.

Meantime, light-ſhadowing all, a ſober calm
Fleeces unbounded æther; whoſe leaſt wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,

The

The dewy-ſkirted clouds imbibe the ſun,
And through their lucid veil his ſoften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For thoſe whom wiſdom and whom Nature charm,
To ſteal themſelves from the degenerate crowd,
And ſoar above this little ſcene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To ſoothe the throbbing paſſions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her ſilent walks.
  Thus ſolitary, and in penſive guiſe,
Oft let me wander o'er the ruſſet mead,
And through the ſadden'd grove, where ſcarce is heard
One dying ſtrain, to chear the woodman's toil.
Haply ſome widow'd ſongſter pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copſe.
While congregated thruſhes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whoſe artleſs ſtrains ſo late
Swell'd all the muſic of the ſwarming ſhades,
Robb'd of their tuneful ſouls, now ſhivering ſit
On the dead tree, a full deſpondent flock;
With not a brightneſs waving o'er their plumes,
And nought ſave chattering diſcord in their note.
O, let not, aim'd from ſome inhuman eye,
The gun the muſic of the coming year
Deſtroy; and harmleſs, unſuſpecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miſerable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
  The pale deſcending year, yet pleaſing ſtill,
A gentler mood inſpires; for now the leaf
Inceſſant ruſtles from the mournful grove;

Oft

Oft ſtartling ſuch as, ſtudious, walk below,
And ſlowly circles through the waving air.
But ſhould a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the ſky the leafy deluge ſtreams;
Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary ſhower,
The foreſt-walks, at every riſing gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waſte, and whiſtle bleak.
Fled is the blaſted verdure of the fields;
And, ſhrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their ſunny robes reſign. Ev'n what remain'd
Of ſtronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The deſolated proſpect thrills the ſoul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
Of Philoſophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the ſudden-ſtarting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The ſoften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the ſoul his ſacred influence breathes!
Inflames imagination; through the breaſt
Infuſes every tenderneſs; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the ſwelling thought.
Ten thouſand thouſand fleet ideas, ſuch
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd faſt into the Mind's creative eye.
As faſt the correſpondent paſſions riſe,
As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine aſtoniſhment;
The love of nature unconfin'd, and, chief,

Of

Of human race; the large ambitious wiſh,
To make them bleſt; the ſigh for ſuffering worth
Loſt in obſcurity; the noble ſcorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearleſs great reſolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inſpiring glory through remoteſt time;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame;
The ſympathies of love, and friendſhip dear;
With all the *ſocial offspring of the heart.*

Oh, bear me to vaſt embowering ſhades,
To twilight groves, and viſionary vales;
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;
Where angel forms athwart the ſolemn duſk
Tremendous ſweep, or ſeem to ſweep along;
And voices more than human, through the void
Deep-ſounding, ſeize th' enthuſiaſtic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,
That o'er the garden and the rural ſeat
Preſide, which ſhining through the chearful land
In countleſs numbers bleſt Britannia ſees;
O, lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majeſtic paradiſe of Stowe*!
Not Perſian Cyrus on Ionia's ſhore
E'er ſaw ſuch ſylvan ſcenes; ſuch various art
By genius fir'd, ſuch ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that, in the ſtrife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boaſt,

* The ſeat of the Lord Viſcount Cobham.

There

There let me ſit beneath the ſhelter'd ſlopes,
Or in that * Temple where, in future times,
Thou well ſhalt merit a diſtinguiſh'd name;
And, with thy converſe bleſt, catch the laſt ſmiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' inchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic Land;
Will from thy ſtandard taſte refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the pureſt truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpaſſion'd ſhades
Forſaking, raiſe it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter ſhe, with *juſter* hand,
Shall draw the tragic ſcene, inſtruct her thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every paſſion ſpeaks: O, through her ſtrain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive ſenate, charms, perſuades, exalts,
Of honeſt zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And ſhakes corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and through Elyſian Vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a ſigh eſcapes:
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
Of order'd trees ſhouldſt here inglorious range,
Inſtead of ſquadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hoſts! when the proud foe,
The faithleſs vain diſturber of mankind,

* The temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.

Inſulting

ş Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;
een, once more, within their bounds to preſs
)liſh'd robbers, thoſe ambitious ſlaves,
tiſh Youth would hail thy wiſe command,
ıpèr'd ardor, and thy veteran ſkill.
/eſtern ſun withdraws the ſhorten'd day;
aid evening, gliding o'er the ſky,
ıill progreſs, to the ground condens'd
ours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
narſhes ſtagnate, and where rivers wind,
he rolling fogs, and ſwim along
cy-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
'd, and breaking through the ſcatter'd clouds,
:r broad viſage in the crimſon'd eaſt.
:o the ſun direct, her ſpotted diſk,
nountains riſe, umbrageous dales deſcend,
erns deep, as optic tube deſcries,
:r earth, gives us his blaze again,
its flame, and ſheds a ſofter day.
ough the paſſing cloud ſhe ſeems to ſtoop,
the pure cœrulean rides ſublime.
e pale deluge floats, and ſtreaming mild
ſky'd mountain to the ſhadowy vale,
ıcks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
)le air whitens with a boundleſs tide
radiance, trembling round the world.
hen half blotted from the ſky her light,
permits the ſtarry fires to burn
:ner luſtre through the depth of heaven;
:xtinct her deaden'd orb appears,

And

And ſcarce appears, of ſickly beamleſs white;
Oft in this ſeaſon, ſilent from the north
A blaze of meteors ſhoots: enſweeping firſt
The lower ſkies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapſing quick as quickly reaſcend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguiſh, and renew,
All æther courſing in a maze of light.
From look to look, contagious through the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wondrous ſhapes
Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aërial ſpears and ſteeds of fire;
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commixt, the ſanguine flood
Rolls a broad ſlaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they ſcan the viſionary ſcene,
On all ſides ſwells the ſuperſtitious din,
Incontinent; and buſy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in ſwallowing earthquake ſunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce aſcending flame;
Of fallow famine, inundation, ſtorm;
Of peſtilence, and every great diſtreſs;
Empires ſubvers'd, when ruling fate has ſtruck
Th' unalterable hour: ev'n Nature's ſelf
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not ſo the man of philoſophic eye,
And inſpect ſage; the waving brightneſs he
Curious ſurveys, inquiſitive to know
The cauſes, and materials, yet unfix'd,

Of

appearance beautiful and new.
black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
immenſe. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
cent and vaſt, are heaven and earth.
onfounded lies; all beauty void;
ion loſt; and gay variety
iverſal blot: ſuch the fair power
t, to kindle and create the whole.
s the ſtate of the benighted wretch,
ıen, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
ted by one directive ray,
ottage ſtreaming, or from airy hall.
ı, impatient as he ſtumbles on,
from the root of ſlimy ruſhes, blue,
ld-fire ſcatters round, or gather'd trails
th of flame deceitful o'er the moſs:
r decoy'd by the fantaſtic blaze,
ſt, and now renew'd, he ſinks abſorpt,
nd horſe, amid the miry gulph:
ſtill, from day to day, his pining wife
aintive children his return await,
conjecture loſt. At other times,
the *better Genius* of the night,
ous, gleaming on the horſe's mane,
eteor ſits; and ſhews the narrow path,
winding leads through pits of death, or elſe
ts him how to take the dangerous ford.
lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning ſhines
in all her dewy beauty bright,

Unfolding fair the laſt autumnal day.
And now the mounting ſun diſpels the fog;
The rigid hoar-froſt melts before his beam;
And hung on every ſpray, on every blade
Of graſs, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.
Ah, ſee, where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the ſtill heaving hive! at evening ſnatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-conceaſing night,
And fix'd o'er ſulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning ſchemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark, full flowing round, their copious ſtores.
Sudden the dark oppreſſive ſteam aſcends;
And, us'd to milder ſcents, the tender race,
By thouſands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the duſt.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaſeleſs the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn ſearch'd the blooming waſte,
Nor loſt one ſunny gleam? for this ſad fate?
O, man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
Shall proſtrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? when oblig'd,
Muſt you deſtroy? Of their ambroſial food
Can you not borrow; and, in juſt return,
Afford them ſhelter from the wintery winds?
Or, as the ſharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on ſome ſmiling day?

re the ſtony bottom of their town
eſolate, and wild; with here and there
:ſs number, who the ruin'd ſtate
lamenting weak, caſt out to death.
proud city, populous and rich,
the works of peace, and high in joy,
:re or feaſt, or ſunk in ſleep,
:, Palermo, was thy fate) is ſeiz'd
: dread earthquake, and convulſive hurl'd
om the black foundation, ſtench involv'd,
ulph of blue ſulphureous flame.
: every harſher ſight! for now the day,
ven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
ſplendor! wide inveſting all.
ll the breeze! ſave what the filmy threads
evaporate bruſhes from the plain.
:ar the cloudleſs ſky! how deeply ting'd
peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch
ell'd immenſe! amid whoſe azure thron'd
iant ſun how gay! how calm below
led earth! the harveſt-treaſures all
ther'd in, beyond the rage of ſtorms,
the ſwain; the circling fence ſhut up;
tant Winter's utmoſt rage defy'd.
looſe to feſtive joy, the country round
with the loud ſincerity of mirth,
o the wind their cares. The toil-ſtrung youth,
quick ſenſe of muſic taught alone,
ildly graceful in the lively dance.
ry charm abroad, the village-toaſt,

Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where he
Points an approving ſmile, with double force
The cudgel rattles, and the wreſtler twines.
Age too ſhines out; and, garrulous, recou
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; n
That, with to-morrow's ſun, their annual t
Begins again the never-ceaſing round.

Oh, knew he but his happineſs, of men
The happieſt he! who, far from public rage
Deep in the vale, with a *choice few* retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleaſures of the Rural Life.
What though the dome be wanting, whoſe
Each morning, vomits out the ſneaking cro
Of flatterers falſe, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourſe! What though the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating looſe, or ſtiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppreſs him not?
What though, from utmoſt land and ſea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his inſatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? what though his bowl
Flames not with coſtly juice; nor ſunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he toſſes out the night,
Or melts the thoughtleſs hours in idle ſtate?
What though he knows not thoſe fantaſtic joys,
That ſtill amuſe the wanton, ſtill deceive;
A face of pleaſure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?

Sur

eace is his; a ſolid life, eſtrang'd
ſappointment, and fallacious hope:
in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
bs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
heaven deſcends in ſhowers; or bends the bough
Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
the wintery glebe whatever lies
al'd, and fattens with the richeſt ſap:
are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
riant, ſpread o'er all the lowing vale;
leating mountains; nor the chide of ſtreams,
ium of bees, inviting ſleep ſincere
he guiltleſs breaſt, beneath the ſhade,
own at large amid the fragrant hay;
ught beſides of proſpect, grove, or ſong,
rottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
oo dwells ſimple truth; plain innocence;
lied beauty; ſound unbroken youth,
t of labour, with a little pleas'd;
a ever blooming; unambitious toil;
contemplation, and poetic eaſe.
others brave the flood in queſt of gain,
eat, for joyleſs months, the gloomy wave.
ich as deem it glory to deſtroy,
into blood, the ſack of cities ſeek;
rc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
irgin's ſhriek, and infant's trembling cry.
me, far diſtant from their native ſoil,
or by want or harden'd avarice,
other lands beneath another ſun.

Let *this* through cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and eſtabliſh'd guile,
The ſocial ſenſe extinct; and *that* ferment
Mad into tumult the ſeditious herd,
Or melt them down to ſlavery. Let *theſe*
Inſnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting diſcord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and *thoſe* of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Deluſive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuſe the lying ſmile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of ſtate.
While he, from all the ſtormy paſſions free
That reſtleſs men involve, hears, and but hears,
At diſtance ſafe, the human tempeſt roar,
Wrapt cloſe in conſcious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates,
Move not the man, who, from the world eſcap'd,
In ſtill retreats, and flowery ſolitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, ſees her in her every ſhape;
Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what ſhe liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting gems,
Marks the firſt bud, and ſucks the healthful gale
Into his freſhen'd ſoul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening bloſſom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living ſhade,

Suc

Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muſe, of theſe,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers ſung;
Or what ſhe dictates writes: and oft, an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world,
And tempts the ſickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart diſtends
With gentle throws; and through the tepid gleams
Deep muſing, then he *beſt* exerts his ſong.
Ev'n Winter wild to him is full of bliſs.
The mighty tempeſt, and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt, and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies,
Diſclos'd, and kindled, by refining froſt,
Pours every luſtre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. With ſwift wing,
O'er land and ſea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breaſt heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Extatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth
The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,
Amuſement, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns:
For happineſs and true philoſophy

Are of the ſocial ſtill, and ſmiling kind.
This is the life which thoſe who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himſelf, with man!
Oh, Nature! all-ſufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profuſely ſcatter'd o'er the blue immenſe,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to ſcan; through the diſcloſing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral *ſtrata* there;
Thruſt, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the riſing ſyſtem, more complex,
Of animals; and higher ſtill, the mind,
The varied ſcene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing paſſions endleſs ſhift;
Theſe ever open to my raviſh'd eye;
A ſearch, the flight of time can ne'er exhauſt!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In ſluggiſh ſtreams about my heart, forbid
That *beſt* ambition; under cloſing ſhades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whiſper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my ſong;
And let me never, never ſtray from Thee!

WINTER. 1726.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſs to the earl of Wilmington. Firſt approach of Winter. According to the natural courſe of the ſeaſon, various ſtorms deſcribed. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the ſnows: a man periſhing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miſeries of human life. The wolves deſcending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter evening deſcribed: as ſpent by philoſophers; by the country people; in the city. Froſt. A view of Winter within the Polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future ſtate.

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and ſad, with all his riſing train:
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be theſe my theme,
Theſe! that exalt the ſoul to ſolemn thought,
And heavenly muſing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careleſs ſolitude I liv'd,
And ſung of Nature with unceaſing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain;

Trod

Trod the pure virgin-ſnows, myſelf as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burſt;
Or ſeen the deep fermenting tempeſt brew'd,
In the grim evening ſky. Thus paſs'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the ſouth
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and ſmil'd.
To thee, the patron of *her firſt* eſſay,
The Muſe, O Wilmington! renews her ſong.
Since has ſhe rounded the revolving year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to riſe;
Then ſwept o'er Autumn with the ſhadowy gale;
And now among the wintery clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling ſtorm, ſhe tries to ſoar;
To ſwell her note with all the ruſhing winds;
To ſuit her ſounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could ſhe fill thy judging ear
With bold deſcription, and with manly thought.
Nor art thou ſkill'd in awful ſchemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodneſs, ſound integrity,
A firm unſhaken uncorrupted ſoul
Amid a ſliding age, and burning ſtrong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A ſteady ſpirit regularly free;
Theſe, each exalting each, the ſtateſman light
Into the patriot; theſe, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muſe
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now

Now when the chearleſs empire of the ſky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius ſtains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the fartheſt verge of heaven, the ſun
Scarce ſpreads through æther the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual ſhoot
His ſtruggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air; as, cloath'd in cloudy ſtorm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he ſkirts the ſouthern ſky;
And, ſoon-deſcending, to the long dark night,
Wide-ſhading all, the proſtrate world reſigns.
Nor is the night unwiſh'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forſake.
Meantime, in ſable cincture, ſhadows vaſt,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppreſſive o'er the world,
Through nature ſhedding influence malign,
And rouſes up the ſeeds of dark diſeaſe.
The ſoul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Freſh from the plough, the dun diſcolour'd flocks,
Untended ſpreading, crop the wholeſome root.
Along the woods, along the mooriſh fens,
Sighs the ſad Genius of the coming ſtorm;
And up among the looſe disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, preſageful, ſend a hollow moan,

Reſounding

Reſounding long in liſtening Fancy's ear.
Then comes the father of the tempeſt forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. Firſt joyleſs rains obſcure
Drive through the mingling ſkies with vapour foul;
Daſh on the mountain's brow, and ſhake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unſightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhauſted ſtill
Combine, and deepening into night ſhut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; ſave thoſe that love
To take their paſtime in the troubled air,
Or ſkimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untaſted fields return,
And aſk, with meaning lowe, their wonted ſtalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous ſhade.
Thither the houſhold feathery people crowd,
The creſted cock, with all his female train,
Penſive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his ſimple frolick: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the ſtorm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent ſwell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erſpread,
At laſt the rous'd-up river pours along:
Reſiſtleſs, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the moſſy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and ſounding far;
Then o'er the ſanded valley floating ſpreads,
Ca

Calm, ſluggiſh, ſilent; till again, conſtrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it burſts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid ſtream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.
Nature! great parent! whoſe unceaſing hand
Rolls round the ſeaſons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majeſtic, are thy works!
With what a pleaſing dread they ſwell the ſoul!
That ſees aſtoniſh'd! and aſtoniſh'd ſings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boiſterous ſweep, I raiſe my voice to you.
Where are your ſtores, ye powerful beings! ſay,
Where your aërial magazines reſerv'd,
To ſwell the brooding terrors of the ſtorm?
In what far-diſtant region of the ſky,
Huſh'd in deep ſilence, ſleep ye when 'tis calm?
When from the pallid ſky the ſun deſcends,
With many a ſpot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, ſtain'd; red fiery ſtreaks
Begin to flaſh around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poiſe, as doubting yet
Which maſter to obey: while riſing ſlow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd eaſt, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The ſtars obtuſe emit a ſhiver'd ray;
Or frequent ſeem to ſhoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in ſhort eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;

And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd noſtrils to the ſky up-turn'd,
The conſcious heifer ſnuffs the ſtormy gale.
Ev'n as the matron, at her nightly taſk,
With penſive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The waſted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blaſt. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the ſky, its changes ſpeak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their ſcanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And ſeek the cloſing ſhelter of the grove;
Aſſiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his ſad ſong. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and ſcreams along the land.
Loud ſhrieks the ſoaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling ſea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal preſs'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the ſhore,
Eat into caverns by the reſtleſs wave,
And foreſt-ruſtling mountains, comes a voice,
That ſolemn ſounding bids the world prepare.
Then iſſues forth the ſtorm with ſudden burſt,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the paſſive main
Deſcends th' ethereal force, and with ſtrong guſt
Turns from its bottom the diſcolour'd deep.
Through the black night that ſits immenſe around,
Laſh'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thouſand raging waves to burn:

Meantime

ime the mountain-billows to the clouds
idful tumult ſwell'd, ſurge above ſurge,
nto chaos with tremendous roar,
nchor'd navies from their ſtations drive,
as the winds acroſs the howling waſte
ghty waters: now th' inflated wave
ng they ſcale, and now impetuous ſhoot
ıe ſecret chambers of the deep,
intery Baltick thundering o'er their head.
ing thence again, before the breath
l-exerted heaven they wing their courſe,
lart on diſtant coaſts; if ſome ſharp rock,
al inſidious break not their career,
n looſe fragments fling them floating round.
leſs at land the looſen'd tempeſt reigns.
ıountain thunders; and its ſturdy ſons
to the bottom of the rocks they ſhade.
ɔn the midnight ſteep, and all aghaſt,
ark way-faring ſtranger breathleſs toils,
often falling, climbs againſt the blaſt.
/aves the rooted foreſt, vex'd, and ſheds
of its tarniſh'd honours yet remain;
l down, and ſcatter'd, by the tearing wind's
ous fury, its gigantic limbs.
ſtruggling through the diſſipated grove,
hirling tempeſt raves along the plain;
n the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
faſtening, ſhakes them to the ſolid baſe.
righted flies; and round the rocking dome,
trance eager, howls the ſavage blaſt.

Then

Then too, they ſay, through all the burthen'd air,
Long groans are heard, ſhrill ſounds, and diſtant ſigh
That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.
Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commixt
With ſtars ſwift gliding ſweep along the ſky.
All nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempeſtuous darkneſs dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully ſerene, commands a calm;
Then ſtrait air, ſea, and earth, are huſh'd at once.
As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into ſolid gloom.
Now, while the drowſy world lies loſt in ſleep,
Let me aſſociate with the ſerious Night,
And Contemplation her ſedate compeer;
Let me ſhake off th' intruſive cares of day,
And lay the meddling ſenſes all aſide.
Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, diſappointment, and remorſe.
Sad, ſickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A ſcene of crude disjointed viſions paſt,
And broken ſlumbers, riſes ſtill reſolv'd,
With new-fluſh'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
Father of light and life! thou Good ſupreme!
O, teach me what is good! teach me Thyſelf!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low purſuit! and feed my ſoul

With knowledge, conſcious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, ſubſtantial, never-fading bliſs!
The keener tempeſts riſe: and, fuming dun
From all the livid eaſt, or piercing north,
Thick clouds aſcend; in whoſe capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to ſnow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the ſky ſaddens with the gather'd ſtorm.
Through the huſh'd air the whitening ſhower deſcends,
At firſt thin wavering; till at laſt the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and faſt, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cheriſh'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of pureſt white.
'Tis brightneſs all; ſave where the new ſnow melts
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid ſun
Faint from the weſt emits his evening ray,
Earth's univerſal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waſte, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with ſnow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel ſeaſon, crowd around
The winnowing ſtore, and claim the little boon
Which Providence aſſigns them. One alone,
The red-breaſt, ſacred to the houſhold gods,
Wiſely regardful of th' embroiling ſky,
In joyleſs fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His ſhivering mates, and pays to truſted man
His annual viſit. Half-afraid, he firſt

Againſt the window beats; then, briſk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the ſmiling family aſkance,
And pecks, and ſtarts, and wonders where he is:
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his ſlender feet. The foodleſs wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beſet
By death in various forms, dark ſnares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden ſeeks,
Urg'd-on by fearleſs want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the gliſtening earth,
With looks of dumb deſpair; then, ſad-diſpers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of ſnow.

Now, ſhepherds, to your helpleſs charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their penns
With food at will; lodge them below the ſtorm,
And watch them ſtrict: for from the bellowing eaſt,
In this dire ſeaſon, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintery plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapleſs flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempeſt whelms; till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a ſhining mountain ſwells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the ſky.

As thus the ſnows ariſe; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own looſe-revolving fields, the ſwain
Diſaſter'd ſtands; ſees other hills aſcend,
Of unknown joyleſs brow; and other ſcenes,

Of

Of horrid proſpect, ſhag the trackleſs plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the foreſt, hid
Beneath the formleſs wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, ſtill more and more aſtray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Ruſh on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How ſinks his ſoul!
What black deſpair, what horror, fills his heart!
When for the duſky ſpot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage riſing through the ſnow,
He meets the roughneſs of the middle waſte,
Far from the track, and bleſt abode of man;
While round him night reſiſtleſs cloſes faſt,
And every tempeſt, howling o'er his head,
Renders the ſavage wilderneſs more wild.
Then throng the buſy ſhapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire deſcent! beyond the power of froſt;
Of faithleſs bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with ſnow; and, what is land, unknown,
What water of the ſtill unfrozen ſpring,
In the looſe marſh or ſolitary lake,
Where the freſh fountain from the bottom boils.
Theſe check his fearful ſteps; and down he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguiſh nature ſhoots
Through the wrung boſom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unſeen.

Tore from cold wintery limbs the tatter'd weed;
Ev'n robb'd them of the laſt of comforts, ſleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the luſt of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleaſure mark'd him with inglorious ſtripes;
And cruſh'd out lives, by ſecret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
O, great deſign! if executed well,
With patient care, and wiſdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye ſons of mercy! yet reſume the ſearch;
Drag forth the legal monſters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppreſſion's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much ſtill untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark inſidious men
Have cumberous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen ſimple juſtice into trade)
How glorious were the day! that ſaw theſe broke,
And every man within the reach of right.
By wintery famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the ſhining Alps,
And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out ſtupendous into diſtant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Aſſembling wolves in raging troops deſcend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind ſweeps the gloſſy ſnow.
All is their prize. They faſten on the ſteed,

Preſs

Preſs him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or ſhake the murdering ſavages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the ſcreaming infant from her breaſt.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Ev'n beauty, force divine! at whoſe bright glance
The generous lion ſtands in ſoften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapleſs undiſtinguiſh'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the ſevere attack,
The country be ſhut up, lur'd by the ſcent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The diſappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The ſhrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul ſhades, and frighted ghoſts, they howl.
  Among thoſe hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy Griſons dwell;
Oft, ruſhing ſudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of ſnow their gathering terrors roll.
From ſteep to ſteep, loud-thundering down they come,
A wintery waſte in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and ſwains,
And ſometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets ſleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the ſmothering ruin whelm'd.
  Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of winter, while without
The ceaſeleſs winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning foreſt and the ſhore
Beat by the boundleſs multitude of waves,

A rural, ſhelter'd, ſolitary ſcene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There ſtudious let me ſit,
And hold high converſe with the Mighty Dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who bleſt mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inſpiring thought, I throw aſide
The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-muſing, hail
The ſacred ſhades, that ſlowly-riſing paſs
Before my wondering eyes. Firſt Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted ſtate,
Againſt the rage of tyrants *ſingle* ſtood,
Invincible! calm Reaſon's holy law,
That *voice* of God within th' attentive mind,
Obeying, fearleſs, or in life, or death:
Great moral teacher! *wiſeſt of mankind!*
Solon the next, who built his common-weal
On equity's wide baſe; by *tender laws*
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
Preſerving ſtill that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequal'd ſhone,
The pride of ſmiling Greece, and human-kind.
Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of ſtricteſt diſcipline, *ſeverely wiſe*,
All human paſſions. Following him, I ſee,
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
The firm * devoted Chief, who prov'd by deeds

* Leonidas. The

The hardeſt leſſon which the *other* taught.
Then Ariſtides lifts his honeſt front;
Spotleſs of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
Of freedom gave the nobleſt name of Juſt;
In pure majeſtic poverty rever'd;
Who, ev'n his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, ſwell'd a haughty **rival's* fame.
Rear'd by his care, of ſofter ray appears
Cimon ſweet-ſoul'd; whoſe genius, riſing ſtrong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The ſcourge of Perſian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every ſplendid art;
Modeſt, and ſimple, in the pomp of wealth.
Then the laſt worthies of declining Greece,
Late call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,
Penſive, appear. The fair Corinthian boaſt,
Timoleon, happy temper! mild, and firm,
Who wept the *brother* while the *tyrant* bled.
And, equal to the beſt, the † Theban Pair,
Whoſe virtues, in *heroic concord* join'd,
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
He too, with whom Athenian honour ſunk;
And left a maſs of ſordid lees behind,
Phocion the Good; in public life ſevere,
To virtue ſtill inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illuſtrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wiſdom ſmooth'd his brow,
Not friendſhip ſofter was, nor love more kind.

* Themiſtocles. † Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

And

And he, the *laſt* of old Lycurgus' ſons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt,
To ſave a rotten ſtate, Agis, who ſaw
Ev'n Sparta's ſelf to ſervile avarice ſunk.
The two Achaian heroes cloſe the train:
Aratus, who a while relum'd the ſoul
Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece:
And he her darling as her lateſt hope,
The *gallant* Philopœmen; who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm, a ſimple ſwain;
Or, bold and ſkilful, thundering in the field.
Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in thoſe virtuous times
Which knew no ſtain, ſave that with partial flame
Their *deareſt* country they *too fondly* lov'd:
Her *better founder* firſt, the light of Rome,
Numa, who ſoften'd her rapacious ſons:
Servius the King, who laid the ſolid baſe
On which o'er earth the *vaſt republic* ſpread.
Then the great conſuls venerable riſe.
The * Public Father who the Private quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal ſternly ſad.
He, whom his thankleſs country *could not* loſe,
Camillus, only vengeful to her foes.
Fabricius, ſcorner of all-conquering gold;
And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
Thy † willing Victim, Carthage, burſting looſe

* Marcus Junius Brutus. † Regulus.

From

From all that pleading Nature could oppoſe,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
Scipio, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave,
Who ſoon the race of ſpotleſs glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the *poetic ſhade*
With Friendſhip and Philoſophy retir'd.
Tully, whoſe powerful eloquence a while
Reſtrain'd the *rapid* fate of ruſhing Rome.
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in *extreme*.
And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
Whoſe ſteady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,
Lifted the Roman *ſteel* againſt thy *friend*.
Thouſands beſides the tribute of a verſe
Demand; but who can count the ſtars of heaven?
Who ſing their influence on this lower world?
Behold, who yonder comes! in ſober ſtate,
Fair, mild, and ſtrong, as is a vernal ſun:
'Tis Phœbus ſelf, or elſe the Mantuan Swain!
Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of ſong! and *equal* by his ſide,
The Britiſh Muſe; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle ſteep to fame.
Nor abſent are thoſe ſhades, whoſe ſkilful touch
Pathetic drew th' impaſſion'd heart, and charm'd
Tranſported Athens with the moral ſcene:
Nor thoſe who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.
Firſt of your kind! ſociety divine!
Still viſit thus my nights, for you reſerv'd,
And mount my ſoaring ſoul to thoughts like yours.

Silence,

Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,
Save a few choſen friends, who ſometimes deign
To bleſs my humble roof, with ſenſe refin'd,
Learning digeſted well, exalted faith,
Unſtudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the Muſes' hill will Pope deſcend,
To raiſe the ſacred hour, to bid it ſmile,
And with the ſocial ſpirit warm the heart?
For though not ſweeter his own Homer ſings,
Yet is his life the more endearing ſong.

Where art thou, Hammond? thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
Ah, why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where diſcloſing faſt
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou raviſh'd from our hope ſo ſoon?
What now avails that noble thirſt of fame,
Which ſtung thy fervent breaſt? that treaſur'd ſtore
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To ſerve thy country, glowing in the band
Of Youthful Patriots, who ſuſtain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffuſing charm
Of ſprightly wit? that rapture for the Muſe,
That heart of friendſhip, and that ſoul of joy,
Which bade with ſofteſt light thy virtues ſmile?
Ah! only ſhew'd, to check our fond purſuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

Thus in ſome deep retirement would I paſs
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant ſoul,

Or

Or blithe, or ſolemn, as the theme inſpir'd:
With them would ſearch, if Nature's boundleſs frame
Was call'd, late-riſing from the void of night,
Or ſprung *eternal* from th' Eternal Mind;
Its life, its laws, its progreſs, and its end.
Hence larger proſpects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
And each diffuſive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' aſtoniſh'd eye.
Then would we try to ſcan the *moral world*,
Which, though to us it ſeems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
By Wiſdom's fineſt hand, and iſſuing all
In *general good*. The ſage hiſtoric Muſe
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time:
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In ſcatter'd ſtates; what makes the nations ſmile,
Improves their ſoil, and gives them double ſuns;
And why they pine beneath the brighteſt ſkies,
In Nature's richeſt lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
The portion of divinity, that ray
Of pureſt heaven, which lights the public ſoul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerleſs humble fortune, to repreſs
Theſe ardent riſings of the kindling ſoul;
Then, ev'n ſuperior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
Through ſhades and plains, along the ſmoothest ſtream
Of rural life: or ſnatch'd away by hope,

Through

Through the dim ſpaces of futurity,
With earneſt eye anticipate thoſe ſcenes
Of happineſs, and wonder; where the mind,
In endleſs growth and infinite aſcent,
Riſes from ſtate to ſtate, and world to world.
But when with theſe the ſerious thought is foil'd,
We, ſhifting for relief, would play the ſhapes
Of frolic fancy; and inceſſant form
Thoſe rapid pictures, that aſſembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay ſurprize;
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himſelf,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-ſhaking every nerve.
  Meantime the village rouſes up the fire;
While well atteſted, and as well believ'd,
Heard ſolemn, goes the goblin-ſtory round;
Till ſuperſtitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the ſounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Ruſtic mirth goes round;
The ſimple joke that takes the ſhepherd's heart,
Eaſily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, ſincere;
The kiſs, ſnatch'd haſty from the ſide-long maid,
On purpoſe guardleſs, or pretending ſleep:
The leap, the ſlap, the haul; and, ſhook to notes
Of native muſic, the reſpondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.
  The city ſwarms intenſe. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt diſcourſe,
Hums indiſtinct. The ſons of riot flow
Down the looſe ſtream of falſe enchanted joy,

To

: deſtruction. On the rankled ſoul
ıing fury falls; and in one gulph
ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
families, and fortune, headlong ſink.
ıgs the dance along the lighted dome,
and evolv'd, a thouſand ſprightly ways.
tering court effuſes every pomp;
:le deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
and ſparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
ffulgence o'er the palace waves:
a gay inſect in *his* ſummer-ſhine,
, light-fluttering, ſpreads his mealy wings.
l o'er the ſcene, the ghoſt of Hamlet ſtalks;
rages; poor Monimia mourns;
lvidera pours her ſoul in love.
ılarms the breaſt; the comely tear
'er the cheek: or elſe the Comic Muſe
o the world a picture of itſelf,
ſes ſly the fair impartial laugh.
ıes ſhe lifts her ſtrain, and paints the ſcenes
ıteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
m the heart, in generous * Bevil ſhew'd.
ou, whoſe wiſdom, ſolid yet refin'd,
patriot-virtues, and conſummate ſkill
:h the finer ſprings that move the world,
o whate'er the Graces can beſtow,
Apollo's animating fire,
:e, with pleaſing dignity, to ſhine

* character in the Conſcious Lovers, written by ıard Steele.

At

At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of poliſh'd life; permit the Rural Muſe,
O Cheſterfield, to grace with thee her ſong!
Ere to the ſhades again ſhe humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
(For every Muſe has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accompliſh'd mind:
To mark that ſpirit, which, with Britiſh *ſcorn*,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeneſs, which excels,
Ev'n in the judgement of preſumptuous France,
The boaſted manners of her ſhining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of ſenſe,
The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point,
And kind well-temper'd ſatire, ſmoothly keen,
Steals through the ſoul, and without pain corrects.
Or, riſing thence with yet a brighter flame,
O, let me hail thee on ſome glorious day,
When to the liſtening ſenate, ardent, crowd
Britannia's ſons to hear her pleaded cauſe.
Then dreſt by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the ſoft robe of mild perſuaſion wears:
Thou to aſſenting reaſon giv'ſt again
Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient paſſions on thy voice attend;
And ev'n reluctant party feels a while
Thy gracious power: as through the varied maze
Of eloquence, now ſmooth, now quick, now ſtrong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.
To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muſe:

For

For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
Froſty, ſucceed; and through the blue ſerene,
For ſight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the ſpent air
Storing afreſh with elemental life.
Cloſe crowds the ſhining atmoſphere; and binds
Our ſtrengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
Conſtringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our ſpirits, through the new-ſtrung nerves,
In ſwifter ſallies darting to the brain;
Where ſits the ſoul, intenſe, collected, cool,
Bright as the ſkies, and as the ſeaſon keen.
All nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtleſs eye
In ruin ſeen. The froſt-concocted glebe
Draws-in abundant vegetable ſoul,
And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A ſtronger glow ſits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; their ſullen deeps,
Tranſparent, open to the ſhepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarſer at the fixing froſt.
What art thou, froſt? and whence are thy keen ſtores
Deriv'd, thou ſecret all-invading power,
Whom ev'n th' illuſive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unſeen,
Myriads of little ſalts, or hook'd, or ſhap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immenſe
Through water, earth, and æther? Hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,

With the fierce rage of Winter deep ſuffus'd,
An icy gale, oft ſhifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arreſts the bickering ſtream. The looſen'd ice,
Let down the flood, and half diſſolv'd by day,
Ruſtles no more; but to the ſedgy bank
Faſt grows, or gathers round the pointed ſtone,
A cryſtal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, ſeiz'd from ſhore to ſhore,
The whole impriſon'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noiſe; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the diſtant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the haſty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-ſounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds diſcloſing to the view,
Shines out intenſely keen; and, all one cope
Of ſtarry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Through the ſtill night, inceſſant, heavy, ſtrong,
And ſeizes nature faſt. It freezes on;
Till morn, late-riſing o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the ſilent night:
Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb caſcade,
Whoſe idle torrents only ſeem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the froſt-work fair,
Where tranſient hues and fancy'd figures riſe;

Wide-

Wide-ſpouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The foreſt bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the froſt refin'd the whiter ſnow,
Incruſted hard, and ſounding to the tread
Of early ſhepherd, as he penſive ſeeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the ſlippery ſurface, ſwift deſcends.
On blithſome frolicks bent, the youthful ſwains,
While every work of man is laid at reſt,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various ſport
And revelry diſſolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happieſt of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Laſhes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province ſwarming, void of care,
Batavia ruſhes forth; and as they ſweep,
On ſounding ſkates, a thouſand different ways,
In circling poiſe, ſwift as the winds, along,
The *then gay* land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor leſs the northern courts, wide o'er the ſnow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid ſleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-reſounding courſe. Meantime, to raiſe
The manly ſtrife, with highly blooming charms,
Fluſh'd by the ſeaſon, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Ruſſia's buxom daughters glow around.
Pure, quick, and ſportful, is the wholeſome day;
But ſoon elaps'd. The horizontal ſun,
Broad o'er the ſouth, hangs at his utmoſt noon:

And, ineffectual, ſtrikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloſs the mountain ſtill maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the foreſt falls the cluſter'd ſnow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they ſcatter. Thick around
Thunders the ſport of thoſe, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the ſhot,
Worſe than the ſeaſon, deſolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Diſtreſs the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter ſinks,
Diveſted of his grandeur, ſhould our eye
Aſtoniſh'd ſhoot into the Frigid Zone;
Where, for relentleſs months, continual night
Holds o'er the glittering waſte her ſtarry reign.

There, through the priſon of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from eſcape,
Wide-roams the Ruſſian exile. Nought around
Strikes his ſad eye, but deſerts loſt in ſnow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and ſolid floods,
That ſtretch, athwart the ſolitary vaſt,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And chearleſs towns far-diſtant, never bleſs'd,
Save when its annual courſe the caravan
Bends to the golden coaſt of rich * Cathay,
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;

* The old name for China.

Yet cheriſh'd there, beneath the ſhining waſte,
The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, ſpotleſs as the ſnows they preſs;
Sables, of gloſſy black; and dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thouſands beſides, the coſtly pride of courts.
There, warm together preſs'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fall'n ſnows; and, ſcarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies ſlumbering ſullen in the white abyſs.
The ruthleſs hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of ſounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak againſt the mountain heaps they puſh
Their beating breaſt in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' enſanguin'd ſnows,
And with loud ſhouts rejoicing bears them home.
There through the piny foreſt half-abſorpt,
Rough tenant of theſe ſhades, the ſhapeleſs bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, ſtalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and ſourer as the ſtorms increaſe,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with ſtern patience, ſcorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart againſt aſſailing want.

Wide o'er the ſpacious regions of the north,
That ſees Boötes urge his tardy wain,
A boiſterous race, by frosty * Caurus pierc'd,
Who little pleaſure know, and fear no pain,

* The north-weſt wind.

Prolific ſwarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of loſt mankind in poliſh'd ſlavery ſunk,
Drove martial *horde on horde, with dreadful ſweep
Reſiſtleſs ruſhing o'er th' enfeebled ſouth,
And gave the vanquiſh'd world another form.
Not ſuch the ſons of Lapland: wiſely they
Deſpiſe th' inſenſate barbarous trade of war;
They aſk no more than ſimple nature gives,
They love their mountains, and enjoy their ſtorms.
No falſe deſires, no pride-created wants,
Diſturb the peaceful current of their time;
And through the reſtleſs ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleaſure, or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rein-deer form their riches. Theſe their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholeſome fare, and chearful cups.
Obſequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the ſled their necks, and whirl them ſwift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanſe
Of marbled ſnow, as far as eye can ſweep
With a blue cruſt of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaſeleſs ſhake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and ſtars that keener play
With double luſtre from the gloſſy waſte,
Ev'n in the depth of Polar Night, they find
A wondrous day: enough to light the chace,
Or guide their daring ſteps to Finland-fairs.

* The wandering Scythian-clans.

Wiſh'd

Wiſh'd Spring returns; and from the hazy ſouth,
While dim Aurora ſlowly moves before,
The welcome ſun, juſt verging up at firſt,
By ſmall degrees extends the ſwelling curve!
Till ſeen at laſt for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round, his ſpiral courſe he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and reaſcends the ſky.
In that glad ſeaſon from the lakes and floods,
Where pure Niemi's * fairy mountains riſe,
And fring'd with roſes † Tenglio rolls his ſtream,
They draw the copious fry. With theſe, at eve,
They chearful-loaded to their tents repair;
Where, all day long in uſeful cares employ'd,
Their kind unblemiſh'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race! by poverty ſecur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power:
In whom fell intereſt never yet has ſown
The ſeeds of vice: whoſe ſpotleſs ſwains ne'er knew

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after having deſcribed the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, ſays,—"From this "height we had opportunity ſeveral times to ſee thoſe "vapours riſe from the lake, which the people of the "country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the "guardian ſpirits of the mountains. We had been "frighted with ſtories of bears that haunted this place, "but ſaw none. It ſeemed rather a place of reſort for "Fairies and Genii, than bears."

† The ſame author obſerves—"I was ſurprized to "ſee upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roſes "of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

Injurious deed, nor, blaſted by the breath
Of faithleſs love, their blooming daughters woe.
Still preſſing on, beyond Tornéa's lake,
And Hecla flaming through a waſte of ſnow,
And fartheſt Greenland, to the pole itſelf,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muſe expands her ſolitary flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild ſtupendous ſcene,
Beholds new ſeas beneath * another ſky.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court;
And through his airy hall the loud miſrule
Of driving tempeſt is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-ſubduing froſt;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treaſures up his ſnows,
With which he now oppreſſes half the globe.
Thence winding eaſtward to the Tartar's coaſt,
She ſweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undiſſolving, from the firſt of time,
Snows ſwell on ſnows amazing to the ſky;
And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the ſhivering ſailor from afar,
Shapeleſs and white, an atmoſphere of clouds.
Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the ſurge,
Alps frown on Alps; or ruſhing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and ſhake the ſolid pole.

* The other hemiſphere.

Ocean

'cean itſelf no longer can reſiſt
'he binding fury; but, in all its rage
f tempeſt taken by the boundleſs froſt,
; many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
.nd bid to roar no more: a bleak expanſe,
hagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, chearleſs, and void
f every life, that from the dreary months
lies conſcious ſouthward. Miſerable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
ake their laſt look of the deſcending ſun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold froſt,
he long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
alls horrible. Such was the *Briton's fate,
s with *firſt* prow, (what have not Briton's dar'd!)
e for the paſſage ſought, attempted ſince
› much in vain, and ſeeming to be ſhut
y jealous Nature with eternal bars.
. theſe fell regions, in Arzina caught,
nd to the ſtony deep his idle ſhip
mmediate ſeal'd, he with his hapleſs crew,
ach full-exerted at his ſeveral taſk,
oze into ſtatues; to the cordage glued
he ſailor, and the pilot to the helm.
Hard by theſe ſhores, where ſcarce his freezing ſtream
olls the wild Oby, live the laſt of men;
nd half-enliven'd by the diſtant ſun,
hat rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
ere human nature wears its rudeſt form.

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, ſent by Queen Elizabeth to ſcover the north-eaſt paſſage.

Deep

Deep from the piercing ſeaſon ſunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waſte the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Doze the groſs race. Nor ſprightly jeſt, nor ſong,
Nor tenderneſs they know; nor aught of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that ſtalk without.
Till morn at length, her roſes drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quiver'd ſavage to the chace.
What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding man? Wide-ſtretching from theſe ſhores,
A people ſavage from remoteſt time,
A huge neglected empire, one vaſt Mind,
By Heaven inſpir'd, from Gothic darkneſs call'd.
Immortal Peter! firſt of monarchs! He
His ſtubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her ſeas, her ill-ſubmitting ſons;
And while the fierce Barbarian he ſubdued,
To more exalted ſoul he rais'd the man.
Ye ſhades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
Through long ſucceſſive ages to build-up
A labouring plan of ſtate, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchleſs prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty ſhadow of unreal power;
Who greatly ſpurn'd the ſlothful pomp of courts;
And, roaming every land, in every port
His ſceptre laid aſide, with glorious hand,
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the ſeeds of trade, of uſeful arts,

Of

Of civil wiſdom, and of martial ſkill.
Charg'd with the ſtores of Europe, home he goes;
Then cities riſe amid th' illumin'd waſte;
O'er joyleſs deſerts ſmiles the rural reign;
Far-diſtant flood to flood is ſocial join'd;
Th' aſtoniſh'd Euxine hears the Baltick roar;
Proud navies ride on ſeas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies ſtretch
Each way their dazzling files, repreſſing here
The frantic Alexander of the north,
And awing there ſtern Othman's ſhrinking ſons.
Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
Of old diſhonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the Royal Hand that rouz'd the whole,
One ſcene of arts, of arms, of riſing trade:
For what his wiſdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent ſtill, his great *example* ſhew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-bluſtering from the ſouth. Subdued,
The froſt reſolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains ſhine; looſe fleet deſcends,
And floods the country round. The rivers ſwell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thouſand ſnow-fed torrents ſhoot at once;
And, where they ruſh, the wide-reſounding plain
Is left one ſlimy waſte. Thoſe ſullen ſeas,
That waſh'd th' ungenial pole, will reſt no more
Beneath the ſhackles of the mighty north;
But, rouzing all their waves, reſiſtleſs heave.

And

And hark! the lengthening roar continuous
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it burſts,
And piles a thouſand mountains to the cloud
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches cl
That, toſt amid the floating fragments, moo
Beneath the ſhelter of an icy iſle,
While night o'erwhelms the ſea, and horror
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' aſſembled miſchiefs that beſiege them ro
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting wearineſs,
The roar of winds and waves, the cruſh of i
Now ceaſing, now renew'd with louder rage
And in dire echoes bellowing round the mai
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful ſport,
Tempeſt the looſen'd brine, while through tl
Far from the bleak inhoſpitable ſhore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry hov
Of famiſh'd monſters, there awaiting wreck
Yet Providence, that *ever-waking* eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals loſt to hope, and lights them ſaf
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter ſpreads his latel
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd y
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide exten
His deſolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; paſs ſome few ye
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent

ber Autumn fading into age,
ıle concluding Winter comes at laſt,
ıuts the ſcene. Ah! whither now are fled,
dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
›pineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtling days?
gay-ſpent, feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts,
:tween good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
w are vaniſh'd! Virtue ſole ſurvives,
:tal never-failing friend of man,
ıide to happineſs on high. And ſee!
›me, the glorious morn! the ſecond birth
ıven and earth! awakening Nature hears
:w-creating word, and ſtarts to life,
ry heighten'd form, from pain and death
er free. *The great eternal ſcheme*,
ing all, and in a *perfect whole*
g, as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
ıſon's eye refin'd clears up apace.
nly wiſe! ye blind preſumptuous! now,
unded in the duſt, adore that Power,
Viſdom oft arraign'd: ſee now the cauſe,
unaſſuming worth in ſecret liv'd,
y'd, neglected: why the good man's ſhare
was gall and bitterneſs of ſoul:
:he lone widow and her orphans pin'd
ving ſolitude; while luxury,
aces, lay ſtraining her low thought,
:m unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,
Moderation fair, wore the red marks

Of

Of Superſtition's ſcourge: why licens'd Pain,
That cruel ſpoiler, that emboſom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliſs. Ye good diſtreſt!
Ye noble few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The ſtorms of Wintery Time will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A HYM

A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, theſe,
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleaſing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderneſs and love.
Wide flush the fields; the ſoftening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
And every ſenſe, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy ſun
Shoots full perfection through the ſwelling year:
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiſpering gales.
Thy bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and ſtorms
Around Thee thrown, tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd,
Majeſtic darkneſs! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding ſublime, Thou bid'ſt the world adore,
And humbleſt nature with Thy northern blaſt.
Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoftening into ſhade;
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wandering oft, with brute unconſcious gaze,

Man

Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever-buſy, wheels the ſilent ſpheres;
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming, them
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring:
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempeſt forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.
Nature, attend! join every living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raiſe
One general ſong! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe ſoft, whoſe Spirit in your freſhneſs breath
Oh, talk of Him in ſolitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the ſcarcely waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And ye, whoſe bolder note is heard afar,
Who ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd world, lift high to heav
Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you rag
His praiſe, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye ſofter floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound His ſtupendous praiſe; whoſe greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft-roll your incenſe, herbs, and fruits, and flow
In mingled clouds to Him; whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil pai

Ye foreſts bend, ye harveſts wave, to Him;
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams,
Ye conſtellations, while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre.
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam His praiſe.
The thunder rolls: be huſh'd the proſtrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Bleat out afreſh, ye hills: ye moſſy rocks,
Retain the ſound: the broad reſponſive lowe,
Ye vallies, raiſe; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his *unſuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the groves! and when the reſtleſs day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet Philomela, charm
The liſtening ſhades, and teach the night His praiſe.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-reſounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At ſolemn pauſes, through the ſwelling baſe;
And, as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardor riſe to heaven.

Or if you rather chuſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in every ſecret grove;
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the God of Seaſons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the ſummer-ray
Ruſſets the plain, *inſpiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter riſes in the blackening eaſt;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the fartheſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic iſles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there muſt be joy.
When ev'n at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I chearful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will riſing wonders ſing: I cannot go
Where Univerſal Love not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon orbs, and all their ſons;
From *ſeeming evil* ſtill educing *good*,
And *better* thence again, and *better* ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion. But I loſe
Myſelf in Him, in Light ineffable;
Come then, expreſſive Silence, muſe His praiſe.

THE

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

AN

ALLEGORICAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS poem being writ in the manner of Spenſer, the obſolete words, and a ſimplicity of diction in ſome of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were neceſſary, to make the imitation more perfect. And the ſtyle of that admirable poet, as well as the meaſure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by cuſtom to all allegorical poems writ in our language; juſt as in French the ſtile of Marot, who lived under Francis I. has been uſed in tales, and familiar epiſtles, by the politeſt writers of the age of Louis XIV.

EXPLANATION of the OBSOLETE WORDS used in this Poem.

ARchimage—*the chief or greateſt of magicians or enchanters.*
Apaid—*paid.*
Appal—*affright.*
Atween—*between.*
Ay—*always.*
Bale—*ſorrow, trouble, misfortune.*
Benempt—*named.*
Blazon—*painting, diſplaying.*
Breme—*cold, raw.*
Carol—*to ſing ſongs of joy.*
Caucus — *the north-eaſt wind.*
Certes—*certainly.*
Dan—*a word prefixed to names.*
Deftly—*ſkilfully.*
Depainted—*painted.*
Drowſy-head—*drowſineſs.*
Eath—*eaſy.*
Eftſoons—*immediately, often, afterwards.*
Eke—*alſo.*
Fays—*fairies.*
Gear *or* Geer—*furniture, equipage, dreſs.*
Glaive—*ſword.* (Fr.)
Glee—*joy, pleaſure.*
Han—*have.*
Hight—*named, called*; and ſometimes it is uſed for *is called.* See ſtanza vii.
Idleſs—*Idleneſs.*
Imp—*child, or offspring*; *from the* Saxon *impan, to graft or plant.*
Keſt—*for caſt.*
Lad—*for led.*
Lea—*a piece of land, or meadow.*
Libbard—*leopard.*
Lig—*to lie.*
Loſel—*a looſe idle fellow.*
Louting—*bowing, bending.*
Lithe—*looſe, lax.*
Mell—*mingle.*
Moe—*more.*
Moil—*to labour.*
Mote—*might.*

Muchel *or* Mochel—*much, great.*
Nathleſs—*nevertheleſs.*
Ne—*nor.*
Needments—*neceſſaries.*
Nourſling—*a child that is nurſed.*
Noyance—*harm.*
Prankt—*coloured, adorned gayly.*
Perdie (Fr. *par Dieu*)—*an old oath.*
Prick'd through the foreſt—*rode through the foreſt.*
Sear—*dry, burnt up.*
Sheen—*bright, ſhining.*
Sicker—*ſure, ſurely.*
Soot—*ſweet, or ſweetly.*
Sooth—*true or truth.*
Stound—*misfortune, pang.*
Sweltry—*ſultry, conſuming.*
with beat.
Swink—*to labour.*
Smackt—*ſavoured.*
Thrall—*ſlave.*
Tranſmew'd—*transform'd.*
Vild—*vile.*
Unkempt (Lat. *incomptus*) *unadorned.*
Ween—*to think, be of opinion.*
Weet—*to know; to wet, to wit.*
Whilom—*ere-while, formerly.*
Wight—*man.*
Wis, *for* Wiſt—*to know, think, underſtand.*
Wonne—(a noun) *dwelling.*
Wroke—*wreakt.*

N. B. The letter *Y* is frequently placed in the beginning of a word by Spenſer, to lengthen it a ſyllable, and *en* at the end of a word, for the ſame reaſon, as *withouten, caſten,* &c.

Yborn—*born.*
Yblent, *or* blent—*blended, mingled.*
Yclad—*clad.*
Ycleped—*called, named.*
Yfere—*together.*
Ymolten—*milted.*
Yode (*preter tenſe of* yede) *went.*

THE

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE

The caſtle hight of indolence,
And its falſe luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

I.

O Mortal man, who liveſt here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard eſtate;
That like an emmet thou muſt ever moil,
Is a ſad ſentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reaſon great;
For, though ſometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curſe thy ſtar, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Looſe life, unruly paſſions, and diſeaſes pale.

II.

In lowly dale, faſt by a river's ſide,
With woody hill o'er hill encompaſs'd round,
A moſt enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely ſpot of ground;
And there a ſeaſon atween June and May,
Half prankt with ſpring, with ſummer half imbrown'd,
A liſtleſs climate made, where, ſooth to ſay,
No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play.

III.

Was nought around but images of reſt:
Sleep-ſoothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that ſlumberous influence keſt,
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleaſant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature ſeen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering ſtreamlets play'd,
And hurled every-where their waters ſheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the ſunny glade,
Though reſtleſs ſtill themſelves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the diſtant hills,
And vacant ſhepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then ſweet Philomel would wail,
Or ſtock-doves plain amid the foreſt deep,
That drowſy ruſtled to the ſighing gale;
And ſtill a coil the graſshopper did keep;
Yet all theſe ſounds yblent inclined all to ſleep.

V.

Full in the paſſage of the vale, above,
A ſable, ſilent, ſolemn foreſt ſtood;
Where nought but ſhadowy forms was ſeen to move,
As Idleſs fancy'd in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either ſide, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a ſleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below, [flow.
The murmuring main was heard, and ſcarcely heard, to

VI.

A pleaſing land of drowſy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-ſhut eye;
And of gay caſtles in the clouds that paſs,
For ever flushing round a ſummer-ſky:
There eke the ſoft delights, that witchingly
Inſtil a wanton ſweetneſs through the breaſt,
And the calm pleaſures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er ſmack'd of noyance, or unreſt,
Was far far off expell'd from this delicious neſt.

VII.

The landſkip ſuch, inſpiring perfect eaſe,
Where Indolence (for ſo the wizard hight)
Cloſe-hid his caſtle mid embowering trees,
That half ſhut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
Meanwhile, unceaſing at the maſſy gate,
Beneath a ſpacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harſh, complain'd, lamenting man's eſtate.

VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded ſtill,
From all the roads of earth that paſs there by:
For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freſhneſs of this valley ſmote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till cluſtering round th' enchanter falſe they hung,
Ymolten with his ſyren melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords theſe tempting verſes ſung:

IX. "Be-

IX.

" Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
" See all but man with unearn'd pleaſure gay:
" See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
" Broke from her wintery tomb in prime of May!
" What youthful bride can equal her array?
" Who can with her for eaſy pleaſure vie?
" From mead to mead with gentle wing to ſtray,
" From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
" Is all ſhe has to do beneath the radiant ſky.

X.

" Behold the merry minſtrels of the morn,
" The ſwarming ſongſters of the careleſs grove,
" Ten thouſand throats! that from the flowering thorn,
" Hymn their good God, and carol ſweet of love,
" Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
" They neither plough, nor ſow; ne, fit for flail,
" E'er to the barn the nodden ſheaves they drove;
" Yet theirs each harveſt dancing in the gale,
" Whatever crowns the hill, or ſmiles along the vale.

XI.

" Outcaſt of nature, man! the wretched thrall
" Of bitter dropping ſweat, of ſweltry pain,
" Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
" And of the vices, an inhuman train,
" That all proceed from ſavage thirſt of gain:
" For when hard-hearted Intereſt firſt began
" To poiſon earth, Aſtræa left the plain;
" Guile, violence, and murder ſeiz'd on man,
" And, for ſoft milky ſtreams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII. " Come,

XII.

me, ye, who ſtill the cumberous load of life
ſh hard up hill; but as the fartheſt ſteep
u truſt to gain, and put an end to ſtrife,
wn thunders back the ſtone with mighty ſweep,
d hurls your labours to the valley deep,
:-ever vain: come, and, withouten fee,
ı oblivion will your ſorrows ſteep,
ur cares, your toils, will ſteep you in a ſea
ll delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!

XIII.

ith me, you need not riſe at early dawn,
paſs the joyleſs day in various ſtounds:
louting low, on upſtart fortune fawn,
d ſell fair honour for ſome paltry pounds;
through the city take your dirty rounds,
cheat, and dun, and lye, and viſit pay,
w flattering baſe, now giving ſecret wounds:
proul in courts of law for human prey,
ıal ſenate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

cocks, with me, to ruſtic labour call,
m village on to village ſounding clear:
tardy ſwain no ſhrill-voic'd matrons ſquall;
dogs, no babes, no wives, to ſtun your ear;
hammers thump; no horrid blackſmith ſear,
noiſy tradeſman your ſweet ſlumbers ſtart,
th ſounds that are a miſery to hear:
all is calm, as would delight the heart
barite of old, all nature, and all art.

XV. "Here

XV.

" Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent eaſe,
" Good-natur'd lounging, ſauntering up and down:
" They who are pleas'd themſelves muſt always pleaſe;
" On others' ways they never ſquint a frown,
" Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
" Thus, from the ſource of tender indolence,
" With milky blood the heart is overflown,
" Is ſooth'd and ſweeten'd by the ſocial ſenſe;
" For intereſt, envy, pride, and ſtrife are baniſh'd hence.

XVI.

" What, what, is virtue, but repoſe of mind,
" A pure ethereal calm, that knows no ſtorm;
" Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
" Above the paſſions that this world deform,
" And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
" But here, inſtead, ſoft gales of paſſion play,
" And gently ſtir the heart, thereby to form
" A quicker ſenſe of joy; as breezes ſtray [gay.
" Acroſs th' enliven'd ſkies, and make them ſtill more

XVII.

" The beſt of men have ever lov'd repoſe:
" They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
" Where the ſoul ſours, and gradual rancour grows,
" Imbitter'd more from peeviſh day to day.
" Ev'n thoſe whom Fame has lent her faireſt ray,
" The moſt renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
" From a baſe world at laſt have ſtol'n away:
" So Scipio, to the ſoft Cumæan ſhore
" Retiring, taſted joy he never knew before.

XVIII. " But

XVIII.

" But if a little exercise you chuse,
" Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
" Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
" Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
" Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
" Along the brook, the crimson spotted fry
" You may delude: the whilst, amus'd, you hear
" Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
" Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

XIX.

" O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
" Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
" When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
" And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
" With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
" To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
" There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun:
" But sure it is of vanities most vain,
" To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

He ceas'd. But still their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching song;
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng,
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along,
In silent ease: as when beneath the beam
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream:

XXI. By

XXI.

By the ſmooth demon ſo it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty firſt began:
Though ſome there were who would not further paſs,
And his alluring baits ſuſpected han.
The wiſe diſtruſt the too fair-ſpoken man.
Yet through the gate they caſt a wiſhful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For do their very beſt they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often ſorely ſigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard ſaw,
With ſudden ſpring he leap'd upon them ſtrait;
And ſoon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
They found themſelves within the curſed gate;
Full hard to be repaſs'd, like that of fate.
Not ſtronger were of old the giant crew,
Who ſought to pull high Jove from regal ſtate;
Though feeble wretch he ſeem'd, of ſallow hue:
Certes, who bides his graſp, will that encounter rue.

XXIII.

For whomſoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their ſinews melt apace;
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their vaniſh'd force remains no trace:
So when a maiden fair, of modeſt grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is ſeized in ſome loſel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as ſhe warms,
Then ſighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV. Wak'

XXIV.

Wak'd by the crowd, ſlow from his bench aroſe
A comely full-ſpread porter, ſwoln with ſleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtleſs aſpect breath'd repoſe;
And in ſweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himſelf from ceaſeleſs yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowſy liquor ran,
Through which his half-wak'd ſoul would faintly peep.
Then taking his black ſtaff he call'd his man,
And rous'd himſelf as much as rouſe himſelf he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his maſter's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguiſh page,
Save ſleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like moſt the untaught ſtriplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to diſengage,
Garters and buckles, taſk for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave perſonage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this ſame limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Meantime the maſter-porter wide diſplay'd
Great ſtore of caps, of ſlippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he thoſe that enter'd in, array'd
Looſe, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the ſummer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undreſs, beſt dreſs! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleaſure drowns,
And heightens eaſe with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir porter ſat him down, and turn'd to ſleep again.

XXVII. Thus

XXVII.

Thus eaſy rob'd, they to the fountain ſped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A ſtream, high-ſpouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew:
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirſted, drew.
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare:
Whence, as Dan Homer ſings, huge pleaſaunce grew.
And ſweet oblivion of vile earthly care; [more fair.
Fair gladſome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams

XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and ſtill,
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made.
"Ye ſons of Indolence, do what you will;
"And wander where you liſt, through hall or glade!
"Be no man's pleaſure for another ſtaid;
"Let each as likes him beſt his hours employ,
"And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
"Here dwells kind eaſe and unreproving joy:
"He little merits bliſs who others can annoy."

XXIX.

Strait of theſe endleſs numbers, ſwarming round,
As thick as idle motes in ſunny ray,
Not one eftſoons in view was to be found,
But every man ſtroll'd off his own glad way,
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be ſeen to ſtray;
While ſolitude and perfect ſilence reign'd:
So that to think you dreamt you almoſt was conſtrain'd.

XXX. As

XXX.

As when a ſhepherd of the Hebrid-Iſles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that aërial beings ſometimes deign
To ſtand embodied, to our ſenſes plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilſt in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vaſt aſſembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air diſſolves the wondrous ſhow.

XXXI.

Ye gods of quiet, and of ſleep profound!
Whoſe ſoft dominion o'er this caſtle ſways,
And all the widely-ſilent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen diſplays
What never yet was ſung in mortal lays.
But how ſhall I attempt ſuch arduous ſtring,
I who have ſpent my nights and nightly days,
In this ſoul-deadening place, looſe-loitering?
Ah! how ſhall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

XXXII.

Come on, my Muſe, nor ſtoop to low deſpair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celeſtial fire!
Thou yet ſhalt ſing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold ſons of Britain will inſpire;
Of ancient bards thou yet ſhalt ſweep the lyre;
Thou yet ſhalt tread in tragic pall the ſtage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The ſage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Daſhing corruption down through every worthleſs age.

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no ſhrill alarming bell,
Ne curſed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand
The pride of Turkey and of Perſia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets ſpread,
And couches ſtretch'd around in ſeemly band;
And endleſs pillows riſe to prop the head;
So that each ſpacious room was one full-ſwelling-bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables ſtood,
With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever ſprightly juice or taſteful food
On the green boſom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unſeen theſe ſilently diſplay'd,
Ev'n undemanded by a ſign or ſound;
You need but wiſh, and, inſtantly obey'd,
Fair-rang'd the diſhes roſe, and thick the glaſſes play'd.

XXXV.

Here freedom reign'd, without the leaſt alloy;
Nor goſſip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor ſaintly ſpleen durſt murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleaſures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each ſhould work his own deſire,
And eat, drink, ſtudy, ſleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muſes might inſpire.

XXXVI. The

XXXVI.

The rooms with coſtly tapeſtry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets ſung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the ſweetly-tortur'd heart;
Or, ſighing tender paſſion, ſwell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to reſound their ſmart;
While flocks, woods, ſtreams, around, repoſe and peace impart.

XXXVII.

Thoſe pleas'd the moſt, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And paſtur'd on from verdant ſtage to ſtage,
Where fields and fountains freſh could beſt engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beaſts the ſylvan war to wage,
And o'er vaſt plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Bleſt ſons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landſkips riſe,
Or autumn's varied ſhades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempeſt ſtrikes th' aſtoniſh'd eyes
Now down the ſteep the flaſhing torrent flies;
The trembling ſun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the ſkies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with ſoftening hue,
Or ſavage Roſa daſh'd, or learned Pouſſin drew.

XXXIX.

Each ſound too here, to languiſhment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak boſom, and induced eaſe.
Aërial muſic in the warbling wind,
At diſtance riſing oft by ſmall degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd ſuch ſoul-diſſolving airs,
As did, alas! with ſoft perdition pleaſe:
Entangled deep in its enchanting ſnares,
The liſtening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain muſic, never known before,
Here lull'd the penſive melancholy mind;
Full eaſily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But ſidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd inſtrument reclin'd;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the moſt refin'd,
The god of winds drew ſounds of deep delight:
Whence, with juſt cauſe, the harp of Æolus it hight.

XLI.

Ah me! what hand can touch the ſtring ſo fine?
Who up the lofty diapaſan roll
Such ſweet, ſuch ſad, ſuch ſolemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the ſoul?
Now riſing love they fann'd; now pleaſing dole
They breath'd, in tender muſings, through the heart;
And now a graver ſacred ſtrain they ſtole,
As when ſeraphic hands an hymn impart:
Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

XLII. Such

XLII.

Such the gay ſplendor, the luxurious ſtate,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tygris' ſhore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies ſtore;
And verſe, love, muſic, ſtill the garland wore:
When ſleep was coy, the bard in waiting there,
Chear'd the lone midnight with the Muſe's lore;
Compoſing muſic bade his dreams be fair,
And muſic lent new gladneſs to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we ſlept, ſtill raſt
Soft-tinkling ſtreams, and daſhing waters fell,
And ſobbing breezes ſigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintery ſtorms to ſwell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threatening, ſeem'd to call
The demons of the tempeſt, growling fell,
Yet the leaſt entrance found they none at all;
Whence ſweeter grew our ſleep, ſecure in maſſy hall.

XLIV.

And hither Morpheus ſent his kindeſt dreams,
Raiſing a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were ſhadowy caſt Elyſian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And ſhed a roſeate ſmile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could ſo array,
So fleece with clouds the pure etherial ſpace;
Ne could it e'er ſuch melting forms diſplay,
As looſe on flowery beds all languiſhingly lay.

XLV.

No, fair illuſions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muſe will not attempt your fairy-land:
She has no colours that like you can glow:
To catch your vivid ſcenes too groſs her hand.
But ſure it is, was ne'er a ſubtler band
Than theſe ſame guileful angel-ſeeming ſprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, ſoft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian Heaven upon our nights,
And bleſs'd them oft beſides with more refin'd delights.

XLVI.

They were in ſooth a moſt enchanting train,
Ev'n feigning virtue; ſkilful to unite
With evil good, and ſtrew with pleaſure pain.
But for thoſe fiends, whom blood and broils delight;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulphs, where ſullen waters ſleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time ſhould ſerve, were bid far hence to keep.

XLVII.

Ye guardian ſpirits, to whom man is dear,
From theſe foul demons ſhield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of ſleep diffuſe a bloom:
Evoke the ſacred ſhades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, a while, O! lend us from the tomb
Thoſe long-loſt friends for whom in love we ſmart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

XLVIII. Or

XLVIII.

Or are you ſportive—Bid the morn of youth
Riſe to new light, and beam afreſh the days
Of innocence, ſimplicity, and truth;
To cares eſtrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What tranſport, to retrace our boyiſh plays,
Our eaſy bliſs, when each thing joy ſupply'd;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muſe, reſume the taſk that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amuſement of our houſehold was,
In a huge cryſtal magic globe to ſpy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do paſs
Upon this ant-hill earth; where conſtantly
Of idly-buſy men the reſtleſs fry
Run buſtling to and fro with fooliſh haſte,
In ſearch of pleaſures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taſte:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waſte?

L.

"Of vanity the mirror" this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might ſee,
At his dull deſk, amid his legers ſtall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Moſt like to carcaſe parch'd on gallow-tree.
"A penny ſaved is a penny got:"
Firm to this ſcoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and baniſhed his pot.

LI.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy ſpendthrift heir,
All gloſſy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
The ſilly tenant of the ſummer-air,
In folly loſt, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, ſtewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradeſmen him among them ſhare:
His father's ghoſt from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

LII.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
Backwards and forwards: oft they ſnatch the pen,
As if inſpir'd, and in a Theſpian rage;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, authors, all this ſcrawl and ſcribbling ſore?
To loſe the preſent, gain the future age,
Praiſed to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame, when uſeleſs worldly ſtore.

LIII.

Then would a ſplendid city riſe to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all:
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew;
See how they daſh along from wall to wall!
At every door, hark how they thundering call!
Good lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tireſome parties for the coming night.

LIV. The

LIV.

The puzzling ſons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
And now they whiſper'd cloſe, now ſhrugging rear'd
Th' important ſhoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward ſet.
No ſooner Lucifer recals affairs,
Than forth they various ruſh in mighty fret;
When, lo! puſh'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
In comes another ſett, and kicketh them down ſtairs.

LV.

But what moſt ſhew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly ſtrife:
Moſt chriſtian kings, inflam'd by black deſire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cauſe war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this ſad work when each begins to tire,
They ſit them down juſt where they were before,
Till for new ſcenes of woe peace ſhall their force reſtore.

LVI.

To number up the thouſands dwelling here,
An uſeleſs were, and eke an endleſs taſk;
From kings, and thoſe who at the helm appear,
To gypſies brown in ſummer-glades who baſk.
Yea many a man perdie I could unmaſk,
Whoſe deſk and table make a ſolemn ſhow,
With tape-ty'd traſh, and ſuits of fools that aſk
For place or penſion laid in decent row;
But theſe I paſſen by, with nameleſs numbers moe.

LVII. Of

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of ſpecial grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erſpread his face,
Penſive, not ſad, in thought involv'd, not dark,
As ſoot this man could ſing as morning-lark,
And teach the nobleſt morals of the heart:
But theſe his talents were yburied ſtark;
Of the fine ſtores he nothing would impart.
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

LVIII.

To noontide ſhades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with ſleep-inviting ſound;
Or when Dan Sol to ſlope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he baſk'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomoil are found:
There would he linger, till the lateſt ray
Of light ſat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward through the twilight ſhadows ſtray,
Sauntering and ſlow. So had he paſſed many a day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtleſs ſlumber were they paſt:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the ſleeping embers, mounted faſt,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thouſand glorious ſyſtems would he build,
Ten thouſand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

LX. With

LX.

With him was ſometimes join'd, in ſilent walk,
(Profoundly ſilent, for they never ſpoke)
One ſhyer ſtill, who quite deteſted talk:
Oft, ſtung by ſpleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'erſhadowing oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himſelf his penſive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, ſave when firſt ſhone
The glittering ſtar of eve—"Thank heaven! the day

LXI. [is done."

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal ſeen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And ſure his linen was not very clean.
Through ſecret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of ſqualid face and mien,
Our caſtle's ſhame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chaunc'd into theſe halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at firſt ſight;
Him the wild wave of pleaſure hither drove,
Before the ſprightly tempeſt toſſing light:
Certes, he was a moſt engaging wight,
Of ſocial glee, and wit humane though keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

LXIII. But

LXIII.

But not ev'n pleaſure to exceſs is good:
What moſt elates then ſinks the ſoul as low:
When ſpring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher ſtill th' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary ſhore:
Taught by this ſon of joy, we found it ſo;
Who, whilſt he ſtaid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd caſtle all, th' abode of ſleep no more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of June a burniſh'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he ſweeps along
Chear'd by the breathing bloom and vital ſky,
Tunes up amid theſe airy halls his ſong,
Soothing at firſt the gay repoſing throng:
And oft he ſips their bowl; or, nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And ſcares their tender ſleep, with trump profound
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another gueſt there was, of ſenſe refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
Serene, yet warm, humane, yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him through their inmoſt walks the Muſes lad,
To him the ſacred love of nature lent,
And ſometimes would he make our valley glad;
Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better ſort this friendly meſſage ſent.

LXVI. "Com

LXVI.

" Come, dwell with us! true ſon of virtue, come!
" But if, alas! we cannot thee perſuade,
" To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
" Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
" Yet when at laſt thy toils but ill apaid
" Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly ſpark,
" Thou wilt be glad to ſeek the rural ſhade,
" There to indulge the Muſe, and nature mark:
' We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park."

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' Eſopus * of the age;
But call'd by Fame, in ſoul yprieked deep,
A noble pride reſtor'd him to the ſtage,
And roua'd him like a giant from his ſleep.
Ev'n from his ſlumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd ſcene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he ſhakes,
And now with well-urg'd ſenſe th' enlighten'd judge-
[ment takes.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beſeems;
† Who, void of envy, guile, and luſt of gain,
On virtue ſtill, and nature's pleaſing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated ſtrain:
The world forſaking with a calm diſdain
Here laugh'd he careleſs in his eaſy ſeat;
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing ſage; his ditty ſweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

* Mr. Quin. † This character of Mr. Thomſon was written by Lord Lyttelton.

LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unſound,
Soft-ſwoln and pale, here lay the Hydropſy:
Unwieldy man; with belly monſtrous round,
For ever fed with watery ſupply;
For ſtill he drank, and yet he ſtill was dry,
And moping here did Hypochondria ſit,
Mother of ſpleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And ſome her frantic deem'd, and ſome her deem'd a [wit.

LXXVI.

A lady proud ſhe was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
All the diſeaſes which the ſpittles know,
And fought all phyſick which the ſhops beſtow,
And ſtill new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro;
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh, and ſometimes cry,
Then ſudden waxed wroth, and all ſhe knew not why.

LXXVII.

Faſt by her ſide a liſtleſs maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and ſqueamiſh heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, ſhe ſeem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in ſecret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian ſhakes his chilling wings;
The ſleepleſs Gout here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a ſerpent ſtings;
Whilſt Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO

CANTO II.

The knight of arts and induſtry,
And his atchievements fair;
That by his caſtle's overthrow,
Secur'd, and crowned were.

I.

ESCAP'D the caſtle of the fire of ſin,
Ah! where ſhall I ſo ſweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing ſave what delightful was and kind,
Of goodneſs ſavouring and a tender mind,
E'er roſe to view. But now another ſtrain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now muſt ſing of pleaſure turn'd to pain,
And of the falſe enchanter Indolence complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the Muſe,
And fence for her Parnaſſus' barren ſoil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are ſure of bread who ſwink and moil;
But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive deſpoil,
As ruthleſs waſps oft rob the painful bee:
Thus while the laws not guard that nobleſt toil,
Ne for the other Muſes meed decree,
They praiſed are alone, and ſtarve right merrily.

III.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot ſhut the windows of the ſky,
Through which Aurora ſhews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my conſtant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living ſtream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave:
Of fancy, reaſon, virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my Muſe, and raiſe a bolder ſong;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of ſloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but ſtill to finiſh loth,
Thy half-writ ſcrolls all eaten by the moth:
Ariſe, and ſing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the ſons of ſoftneſs nobly wroth,
To ſweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a choſen few to rouze the ſlumbering flame.

V.

In Fairy-Land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of feature ſtern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
A rough unpoliſh'd man, robuſt and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither ſow'd nor reap'd,
Ne ſtores in ſummer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now ſcorch'd by June, now in November ſteep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January ſore,
He ſtill in woods purſued the libbard and the boar.

VI. As

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd through the foreſt to diſlodge his prey,
Deep in the winding boſom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain, and wintery fray,
Did to a lonely cot his ſteps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compreſs'd, and fill'd her with a luſty boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood ſhade this boy was bred,
And grew at laſt a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous luſtyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Induſtry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing ſtream;
His taſteful well-earn'd food the ſylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:
The ſame to him glad ſummer, or the winter breme.

VIII.

So paſs'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run:
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the foreſt ſeem'd to be the ſon,
And certes had been utterly undone;
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the ſoil and rule the crook;
Ne did the ſacred Nine diſdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every ſcience, and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtleſs brutes excel,
That can or uſe, or joy, or grace impart,
Diſcloſing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exerciſes ſpar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elaſtic force with firmneſs hard:
Was never knight on ground mote be with him compar'd.

X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-ſteed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roſeat breath of orient day;
Sometimes, retiring to the ſecret vale,
Yclad in ſteel, and bright with burniſh'd mail,
He ſtrain'd the bow, or toſs'd the ſounding ſpear,
Or darting on the goal outſtripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career,
Or ſtrenuous wreſtled hard with many a tough compeer.

XI.

At other times he pry'd through Nature's ſtore,
Whate'er ſhe in th' etherial round contains,
Whate'er ſhe hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
Or elſe he ſcann'd the globe, thoſe ſmall domains,
Where reſtleſs mortals ſuch a turmoil keep,
Its ſeas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
But more he ſearch'd the mind, and rouz'd from ſleep.
Thoſe moral ſeeds whence we heroic actions reap.

XII. Nor

XII.

Nor would he ſcorn to ſtoop from high purſuits
Of heavenly truth, and practiſe what ſhe taught.
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the ſpade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the ſtrong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the fineſt draught;
And oft he put himſelf to Neptune's ſchool,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

XIII.

To ſolace then theſe rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvaſs into life;
With nature his creating pencil vy'd,
With nature joyous at the mimic ſtrife:
Or, to ſuch ſhapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He rouz'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute ſweet tenderneſs inſpire,
Or verſes fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

XIV.

Accompliſh'd thus he from the woods iſſued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprize;
The work, which long he in his breaſt had brew'd.
Now to perform he ardent did deviſe;
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundleſs foreſt wild;
Nought to be ſeen but ſavage wood, and ſkies;
No cities nouriſh'd arts, no culture ſmil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A ragged wight, the worſt of brutes, was man;
On his own wretched kind he, ruthleſs, prey'd:
The ſtrongeſt ſtill the weakeſt over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers ſway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a ſcene of rapine, want, and woe;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To ſwear, he would the raſcal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers divine, it ſhould no more be ſo!

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my ſong,
To ſay how this *beſt Sun* from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chacing indolence and crimes.
Still as he paſs'd, the nations he ſublimes,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden times,
Succeſſive had; but now in ruins grey
They lie, to ſlaviſh ſloth and tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, Sir Induſtry then ſpread
The ſwelling ſail, and made for Britain's coaſt.
A ſylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown ſhades and green-wood foreſt loſt,
All careleſs rambling where it lik'd them moſt:
Their wealth the wild-deer bouncing thro' the glade;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's coſt;
Save ſpear, and bow, withouten other aid,
Yet not the Roman ſteel their naked breaſt diſmay'd.

XVIII. He

XVIII.

He lik'd the ſoil, he lik'd the clement ſkies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
Be this my great, my choſen iſle (he cries)
This, whilſt my labours Liberty ſuſtains,
This queen of ocean all aſſault diſdains.
Nor lik'd he leſs the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and perſevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindeſt firmeſt hand.

XIX.

Here, by degrees, his maſter-work aroſe,
Whatever arts and induſtry can frame:
Whatever finiſh'd agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itſelf who came,
When Eden flouriſh'd in unſpotted fame:
And ſtill with her ſweet innocence we find,
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they raviſh, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and Art at once, delight and uſe combin'd.

XX.

The towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade ſocial Commerce raiſe renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry ſoil to ſoil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody ſpoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous ſtores;
Or, ſhould deſpotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remoteſt ſhores,
While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

XXI.

The drooping Muſes then he weſtward call'd,
From the fam'd city by Propontick ſea,
What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'
Thence from their cloiſter'd walks he ſet them fre
And brought them to another Caſtalie,
Where Iſis many a famous nourſling breeds;
Or where old Cam ſoft-paces o'er the lea
In penſive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
The whilſt his flocks at large the lonely ſhepherd fe

XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finiſh'd leaſt.
For why? They are the quinteſſence of all,
The growth of labouring time, and ſlow increaſt,
Unleſs, as ſeldom chances, it ſhould fall,
That mighty patrons the coy ſiſters call
Up to the ſun-ſhine of uncumber'd eaſe, [thi
Where no rude care the mounting thought i
And where they nothing have to do but pleaſe:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'ſt they aſk no other f

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now ev'n grudge that little claim,
Except to ſuch as ſleek the ſoothing rhyme;
And yet, forſooth, they wear Mæcenas' name,
Poor ſons of puft-up vanity, not fame.
Unbroken ſpirits, chear! ſtill, ſtill remains
Th' Eternal Patron, Liberty; whoſe flame,
While ſhe protects, inſpires the nobleſt ſtrains.
The beſt, and ſweeteſt far, are toil-created gains.

XXIV. W

XXIV.

When as the knight had fram'd, in Britain-land
A matchleſs form of glorious government,
In which the ſovereign laws alone command,
Laws ſtabliſh'd by the public free conſent,
Whoſe majeſty is to the ſceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was ſettled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then ſought he from the toilſome ſcene to part,
.nd let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the heart.

XXV.

For this he choſe a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long allies peep'd upon the main.
In this calm ſeat he drew the healthful gale,
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the ſwain.
The happy monarch of his ſylvan train,
Here, ſided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and chear'd his bleſt domain:
His days, the days of unſtain'd nature, roll'd,
.eplete with peace and joy, like patriarch's of old.

XXVI.

Witneſs, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witneſs, ye flocks, whoſe woolly veſtments far
Exceed ſoft India's cotton, or her ſilk;
Witneſs, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath ſweet evening's ſtar,
Or of September moons the radiance mild.
O, hide thy head, abominable war!
Of crimes and ruffian idleneſs the child!
rom heaven this life yſprung, from hell thy glories
vild!

XXVII. Nor

XXVII.

Nor from his deep retirement baniſh'd was
Th' amuſing care of rural induſtry.
Still, as with grateful change the ſeaſons paſs,
New ſcenes ariſe, new landſkips ſtrike the eye,
And all th' enliven'd country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marſhes ſlept before;
O'er recent meads th' exulting ſtreamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' ſtore,
And woods imbrown the ſteep, or wave along the ſhore.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He poliſh'd nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durſt not Art incroach;
'Tis Art's alone theſe beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
Pan, Paleas, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here too briſk gales the rude wild common fand
An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature ſtray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can laſt for ay?
That ſoul-enfeebling wizard Indolence,
I whilom ſung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was *his* curs'd influence;
Of public virtue much *he* dull'd the ſenſe,
Ev'n much of private; ate our ſpirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not, as old Fame reports, wiſe, generous, bold, and ſtout.

XXX.

A rage of pleaſure madden'd every breaſt,
Down to the loweſt lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wiſh each muſt be bleſt,
With joy be fever'd; ſnatch it as he can.
Thus Vice the ſtandard rear'd; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud ſhe gave the word,
"Mind, mind yourſelves! why ſhould the vulgar man,
"The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?
"Enjoy this ſpan of life! 'tis all the gods afford."

XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where in quiet hall,
The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repoſe.
"Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on thee call:
"Come, ſave us yet, ere ruin round us cloſe!
"The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows."
On this the noble colour ſtain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening ſnows
Of venerable eld; his eye full-ſpeaks
His ardent ſoul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

XXXII.

I will, (he cry'd) ſo help me, God! deſtroy
That villain, Archimage.—His page then ſtrait
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt Diſpatch. "My ſteed be at the gate;
"My Bard attend; quick, bring the net of fate."
This net was twiſted by the ſiſters three;
Which when once caſt o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
From the ſtrong iron graſp of vengeful deſtiny.

XXXIII. He

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little druid-wight,
Of wither'd aſpect; but his eye was keen,
With ſweetneſs mix'd. In ruſſet brown bedight,
As is his *ſiſter of the copſes green,
He crept along, unpromiſing of mien.
Groſs he who judges ſo. His ſoul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure ſheen.
True comelineſs, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all elſe is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

Come, (quoth the knight) a voice has reach'd mine ear:
The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus; let us inſtant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his caſtle low.
Thoſe men, thoſe wretched men! who *will* be ſlaves,
Muſt drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
But ſome there be, thy ſong, as from their graves,
Shall raiſe. Thrice happy he! who without rigour ſaves.

XXXV.

Iſſuing forth, the knight beſtrode his ſteed,
Of ardent bay, and on whoſe front a ſtar
Shone blazing bright: ſprung from the generous breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He pranc'd along, diſdaining gate or bar.
Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honeſt ſober beaſt, that did not mar
His meditations, but full ſoftly trode;
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

XXXVI. They

* The nightingale.

XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliſs.
What elſe ſo fit for man to ſettle well?
And ſtill their long reſcarches met in this,
This *truth of truths*, which nothing can refel:
" From virtue's fount the pureſt joys out-well,
" Sweet rills of thought that chear the conſcious ſoul;
" While vice pours forth the troubled ſtreams of hell,
" The which, howe'er diſguis'd, at laſt with dole
Will, through the tortur'd breaſt, their fiery torrent roll."

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their ſummits rear.
On the cool height awhile our palmers ſtay,
And ſpite ev'n of themſelves their ſenſes chear;
Then to the vizard's wonne their ſteps they ſteer.
Like a green iſle, it broad beneath them ſpred,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to ſhade the meadow bed,
Sweet airs and ſong; and without hurry all ſeem'd glad.

XXXVIII.

" As God ſhall judge me, knight, we muſt forgive
(The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd)
" The frail good man deluded here to live,
" And in theſe groves his muſing fancy hide.
" Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd,
" That virtue ſtill ſome tincture has of vice,
" And vice of virtue. What ſhould then betide
" But that our charity be not too nice?
" Come, let us thoſe we can to real bliſs entice.

XXXIX. " Ay,

XXXIX.

" Ay, ſicker, (quoth the knight) all fleſh is frail,
" To pleaſant ſin and joyous dalliance bent;
" But let not brutiſh vice of this avail,
" And think to ſcape deſerved puniſhment.
" Juſtice were cruel weakly to relent;
" From Mercy's ſelf ſhe got her ſacred glaive;
" Grace be to thoſe who can, and will, repent;
" But penance long, and dreary, to the ſlave,
" Who muſt in floods of fire his groſs foul ſpirit lave."

XL.

Thus, holding high diſcourſe, they came to where
The curſed carle was at his wonted trade;
Still tempting heedleſs men into his ſnare,
In witching wiſe, as I before have ſaid.
But when he ſaw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majeſtic knight approaching nigh,
And by his ſide the bard ſo ſage and ſtaid,
His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who rooſted cock doth ſpy.

XLI.

Nathleſs, with feign'd reſpect, he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not ſlack
His orders to obey, and fall behind,
Then he reſum'd his ſong; and unconfin'd,
Pour'd all his muſic, ran through all his ſtrings:
With magic duſt their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakneſs flings.
What pity baſe his ſong who ſo divinely ſings!

XLII. Elat

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They liſten'd ſo intent with fix'd delight:
But they inſtead, as if tranſmew'd to ſtone,
Marvel'd he could with ſuch ſweet art unite
The lights and ſhades of manners, wrong and right.
Meantime, the ſilly crowd the charm devour,
Wide preſſing to the gate. Swift, on the knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who backening ſhunn'd his touch, for well he knew its [power.

XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
The wary Retiarius trap'd his foe:
Ev'n ſo the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the *net of woe*,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Inrag'd at firſt, he ſcorn'd ſo weak a jail,
And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He ſet him felly down and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful ſhrieks and hideous yells around;
Black ſtormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing ſound,
As of infernal ſprights in cavern bound;
A ſolemn ſadneſs every creature ſtrook, [ground:
And lightnings flaſh'd, and horror rock'd the
Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd, with blemiſh'd look,
As if on time's laſt verge this frame of things had ſhook.

XLV.

Soon as the ſhort-liv'd tempeſt was yſpent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
And huſh'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Induſtry the firſt calm moment ſtole.
" There muſt, (he cry'd) amidſt ſo vaſt a ſhoal,
" Be ſome who are not tainted at the heart,
" Not poiſon'd quite by this ſame villain's bowl:
" Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart;
" Touch ſoul with ſoul, till forth the latent ſpirit ſtart."

XLVI.

The bard obey'd; and taking from his ſide,
Where it in ſeemly ſort depending hung,
His Britiſh harp, its ſpeaking ſtrings he try'd,
The which with ſkilful touch he deftly ſtrung,
Till tinkling in clear ſymphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the Muſes come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his riſing ſong:
The whilſt, like midnight mute, ten thouſands round [him throng:

XLVII.

Thus, ardent, burſt his ſtrain.—
" Ye helpleſs race,
" Dire-labouring here to ſmother reaſon's ray,
" That lights our Maker's image in our face,
" And gives us wide o'er earth unqueſtion'd ſway;
" What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection, ſay?
" What, but eternal never-reſting ſoul,
" Almighty power, and all-directing day;
" By whom each atom ſtirs, the planets roll;
" Who fills, ſurrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

XLVIII.

" Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!
" Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,
" We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
" To ſeraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne,
" Life riſing ſtill on life, in higher tone,
" Perfection forms, and with perfection bliſs.
" In univerſal nature this clear ſhewn,
" Nor needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
" To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyſs.

XLIX.

" Is not the field, with lively culture green,
" A ſight more joyous than the dead moraſs?
" Do not the ſkies, with active ether clean,
" And fann'd by ſprightly zephyrs, far ſurpaſs
" The foul November fogs, and ſlumberous maſs,
" With which ſad nature veils her drooping face?
" Does not the mountain-ſtream, as clear as glaſs,
" Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool diſgrace?
" The ſame in all holds true, but chief in human race.

L.

" It was not by vile loitering in eaſe,
" That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
" That ſoft yet ardent Athens learn'd to pleaſe,
" To keen the wit, and to ſublime the heart,
" In all ſupreme! complete in every part!
" It was not thence majeſtic Rome aroſe,
" And o'er the nations ſhook her conquering dart:
" For ſluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
" Renown is not the child of indolent repoſe.

LI.

" Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
" But in looſe joy their time to wear away;
" Had they alone the lap of dalliance ſought,
" Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay
" Rude Nature's ſtate had been our ſtate to-d
" No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd
" No arts had made us opulent and gay;
" With brother-brutes the human race had g
" None e'er had ſoar'd to fame, none honour'
LII. [none
" Great Homer's ſong had never fir'd the bre
" To thirſt of glory, and heroic deeds;
" Sweet Maro's Muſe, ſunk in inglorious re
" Had ſilent ſlept amid the Mincian reeds:
" The wits of modern time had told their be
" And monkiſh legends been their only ſtrair
" Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weed
" Our Shakeſpeare ſtroll'd and laugh'd with W
" ſwains,
" Ne had my maſter Spenſer charm'd his Mulla's

LIII.

" Dumb too had been the ſage Hiſtoric Muſe
" And periſh'd all the ſons of ancient fame;
" Thoſe ſtarry lights of virtue, that diffuſe
" Through the dark depth of time their vivid
" Had all been loſt with ſuch as have no nam
" Who then had ſcorn'd his eaſe for others' g
" Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tam
" Who in the public breach devoted ſtood,
" And for his country's cauſe been prodigal of

LIV.

" But ſhould your hearts to fame unfeeling be,
" If right I read, you pleaſure all require:
" Then hear how beſt may be obtain'd this fee,
" How beſt enjoy'd this nature's wide deſire.
" Toil, and be glad! let Induſtry inſpire
" Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
" Who does not act is dead; abſorpt entire
" In miry ſloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
" O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

LV.

" Ah! what avail the largeſt gifts of Heaven,
" When drooping health and ſpirits go amiſs?
" How taſteleſs then whatever can be given!
" Health is the vital principle of bliſs,
" And exerciſe of health. In proof of this,
" Behold the wretch, who ſlugs his life away,
" Soon ſwallow'd in diſeaſe's ſad abyſs;
" While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
" Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

LVI.

" O, who can ſpeak the vigorous joy of health!
" Unclogg'd the body, unobſcur'd the mind:
" The morning riſes gay, with pleaſing ſtealth,
" The temperate evening falls ſerene and kind.
" In health the wiſer brutes true gladneſs find.
" See! how the younglings friſk along the meads,
" As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
" Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
" Yet what but high-ſtrung health this dancing pleaſaunce breeds?

LVII.

" But here, inſtead, is ſoſter'd every ill,
" Which or diſtemper'd minds or bodies know.
" Come then, my kindred ſpirits! do not ſpill
" Your talents here. This place is but a ſhew,
" Whoſe charms delude you to the den of woe:
" Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
" Where pleaſure's roſes, void of ſerpents, grow,
" Sincere as ſweet; come, follow this good knight,
" And you will bleſs the day that brought him to your ſight.

LVIII.

" Some he will lead to courts, and ſome to camps;
" To ſenates ſome, and public ſage debates,
" Where, by the ſolemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
" The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty ſtates;
" To high diſcovery ſome, that new-creates
" The face of earth; ſome to the thriving mart;
" Some to the rural reign, and ſofter fates;
" To the ſweet Muſes ſome, who raiſe the heart;
" All glory ſhall be yours, all nature, and all art.

LIX.

" There are, I ſee, who liſten to my lay,
" Who wretched ſigh for virtue, but deſpair.
" All may be done, (methinks I hear them ſay)
" Ev'n death deſpis'd by generous actions fair;
" All, but for thoſe who to theſe bowers repair,
" Their every power diſſolv'd in luxury,
" To quit of torpid ſluggiſhneſs the lair,
" And from the powerful arms of ſloth get free.
" 'Tis riſing from the dead—Alas!—It cannot be!

LX. " Woe

LX.

"Would you then learn to diſſipate the band
"Of theſe huge threatening difficulties dire,
"That in the weak man's way like lions ſtand,
"His ſoul appall, and damp his riſing fire?
"Reſolve, reſolve, and to be men aſpire.
"Exert that nobleſt privilege, alone,
"Here to mankind indulg'd: control deſire:
"Let godlike Reaſon, from her ſovereign throne,
"Speak the commanding word—*I will*—and it is done.

LXI.

"Heavens! can you then thus waſte, in ſhameful wiſe,
"Your few important days of tryal here?
"Heirs of eternity! yborn to riſe
"Through endleſs ſtates of being, ſtill more near
"To bliſs approaching, and perfection clear,
"Can you renounce a fortune ſo ſublime,
"Such glorious hopes, your backward ſteps to ſteer.
"And roll, with vileſt brutes, thro' mud and ſlime?
"No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd heart diſdains the [ſordid crime!"

LXII.

"Enough! enough!" they cry'd—ſtrait from the crowd,
The better ſort on wings of tranſport fly:
As when amid the lifeleſs ſummits proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid ſky
Snows pil'd on ſnows in wintery torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in ſtreamlets from on high,
Rouz'd into action, lively leap away, [gay.
Glad warbling through the vales, in their new being

LXIII.

Not leſs the life, the vivid joy ſerene,
That lighted up theſe new-created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting ſpirit clean,
When, juſt deliver'd from his fleſhly den,
It ſoaring ſeeks its native ſkies agen:
How light its eſſence! how unclogg'd its powers,
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
Ev'n ſo we glad forſook theſe ſinful bowers,
Ev'n ſuch enraptur'd life, ſuch energy was ours.

LXIV.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curſes, and blaſphem'd high Jove.
"Ye ſons of hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
"What brought you to this ſeat of peace and love?
"While with kind nature, here amid the grove,
"We paſs'd the harmleſs ſabbath of our time,
"What to diſturb it could, fell men, emove
"Your barbarous hearts? Is happineſs a crime?
"Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven ſublime.

LXV.

"Ye impious wretches," (quoth the knight in wrath)
"Your happineſs behold!"—Then ſtrait a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illuſive falſehood to command.
Sudden the landſkip ſinks on every hand;
The pure quick ſtreams are marſhy puddles found;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd ſtand;
And, o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathſome creature crawls around.

LXVI. And

LXVI.

And here and there, on trees by lightning ſcath'd,
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;
Or, in freſh gore and recent murder bath'd,
They weltering lay; or elſe, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens ſung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd:
Theſe, by diſtemper'd blood to madneſs ſtung,
Had doom'd themſelves; whence oft, when night control'd
The world, returning hither their ſad ſpirits howl'd.

LXVII.

Meantime a moving ſcene was open laid;
That lazar-houſe, I whilom in my lay
Depeinted have, its horrors deep-diſplay'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who toſſing there in ſqualid miſery lay.
Soon as of ſacred light th' unwonted ſmile
Pour'd on theſe living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns ſtretching many a mile,
The ſick up-rais'd their heads, and dropp'd their woes awhile.

LXVIII.

"O, heaven! (they cry'd) and do we once more ſee
"Yon bleſſed ſun, and this green earth ſo fair?
"Are we from noiſome damps of peſt-houſe free?
"And drink our ſouls the ſweet ethereal air?
"O, thou! or knight, or god! who holdeſt there
"That fiend, oh, keep him in eternal chains!
"But what for us, the children of deſpair,
"Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?
"Repentance does itſelf but aggravate our pains."

LXIX.

The gentle knight, who ſaw their rueful caſe,
Let fall adown his ſilver beard ſome tears.
" Certes (quoth he) it is not ev'n in grace,
" T' undo the paſt, and eke your broken years:
" Nathleſs, to nobler worlds repentance rears,
" With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
" A power the truly contrite heart that chears;
" She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;
" She more than merely ſoftens, ſhe rejoices Heaven.

LXX.

" Then patient bear the ſufferings you have earn'd,
" And by theſe ſufferings purify the mind;
" Let wiſdom be by paſt miſconduct learn'd:
" Or pious die, with penitence reſign'd;
" And to a life more happy and refin'd,
" Doubt not, you ſhall, new creatures, yet ariſe.
" Till then, you may expect in me to find
" One who will wipe your ſorrow from your eyes,
" One who will ſoothe your pangs, and wing you to [the ſkies.

LXXI.

They ſilent hear'd, and pour'd their thanks in tears.
" For you (reſum'd the knight, with ſterner tone)
" Whoſe hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon ſears,
" That villain's gifts will coſt you many a groan;
" In dolorous manſion long you muſt bemoan
" His fatal charms, and weep your ſtains away;
" Till, ſoft and pure as infant goodneſs grown,
" You feel a perfect change: then, who can ſay,
" What grace may yet ſhine forth in heaven's eternal
" day?" LXXII. This

LXXII.

This ſaid, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:
Inſtant, a glorious angel-train deſcends,
The Charities, to-wit, of roſy hue;
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with ſeraphic flame compaſſion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
When, lo! a goodly hoſpital aſcends;
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the ſick-bed ſmoothe of that ſad company.

LXXIII.

It was a worthy edifying ſight,
And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
To ſee kind hands attending day and night,
With tender miniſtry, from place to place.
Some prop the head; ſome from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature ſheds;
Some reach the healing draught: the whilſt, to chace
The fear ſupreme, around their ſoften'd beds,
Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven diſpreds.

LXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of thoſe he reſcued had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the knight; and, to his hall again
Soft-pacing, ſought of peace the moſſy cell:
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To ſee the helpleſs wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deſerts dire to yell;
Amaz'd, their looks with pale diſmay were ſtain'd,
And ſpreading wide their hands they meek repentance feign'd.

LXXV. But,

LXXV.

But, ah! their ſcorned day of grace was paſt:
For (horrible to tell!) a deſert wild
Before them ſtretch'd, bare, comfortleſs, and vaſt;
With gibbets, bones, and carcaſes defil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture ſmil'd;
Nor waving ſhade was ſeen, nor fountain fair;
But ſands abrupt on ſands lay looſely pil'd, [care,
Through which they floundering toil'd with painful
Whilſt Phœbus ſmote them ſore, and fir'd the cloudleſs [air.

LXXVI.

Then, varying to a joyleſs land of bogs,
The ſadden'd country a grey waſte appear'd;
Where nought but putrid ſteams and noiſome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auſter's beard;
Or elſe the ground by piercing Caurus ſear'd,
Was jagg'd with froſt, or heap'd with glazed ſnows.
Through theſe extremes a ceaſeleſs round they ſteer'd,
By cruel fiends ſtill hurry'd to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds moe.

LXXVII.

The firſt was with baſe dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
Of morbid hue his features, ſunk, and ſad;
His hollow eyne ſhook forth a ſickly light;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to ſee! an heart-appalling ſight!
Meantime foul ſcurf and blotches him defile;
And dogs, wheree'er he went, ſtill barked all the while.

LXXVIII. The

LXXVIII.

The other was a fell deſpightful fiend:
Hell holds none worſe in baleful bower below:
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
With noſe up-turn'd, he always made a ſhew
As if he ſmelt ſome nauſeous ſcent; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blaſt from boreal ſnow;
And taunts he caſten forth moſt bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXIX.

Ev'n ſo through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of briſly ſwine is prick'd along;
The filthy beaſts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and ſqueak, and ſing their troublous ſong,
And oft they plunge themſelves the mire among:
But ay the ruthleſs driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they reſt from their unreſting fone.

To Mr. THOMSON,

On his unfiniſhed Plan of a Poem, called the CASTLE OF INDOLENCE, in Spenſer's Style.

By Dr. MORELL.

I.

AS when the ſilk-worm, erſt the tender care
Of Syrian maidens, 'gins for to unfold
From his ſleek ſides, that now much ſleeker are
The gloſſy treaſure, and ſoft threads of gold;
In various turns, and many a winding fold,
He ſpins his web, and as he ſpins decays;
Till, within circles infinite enroll'd,
He reſts ſupine, impriſon'd in the maze,
The which himſelf did make, the gathering of his days.

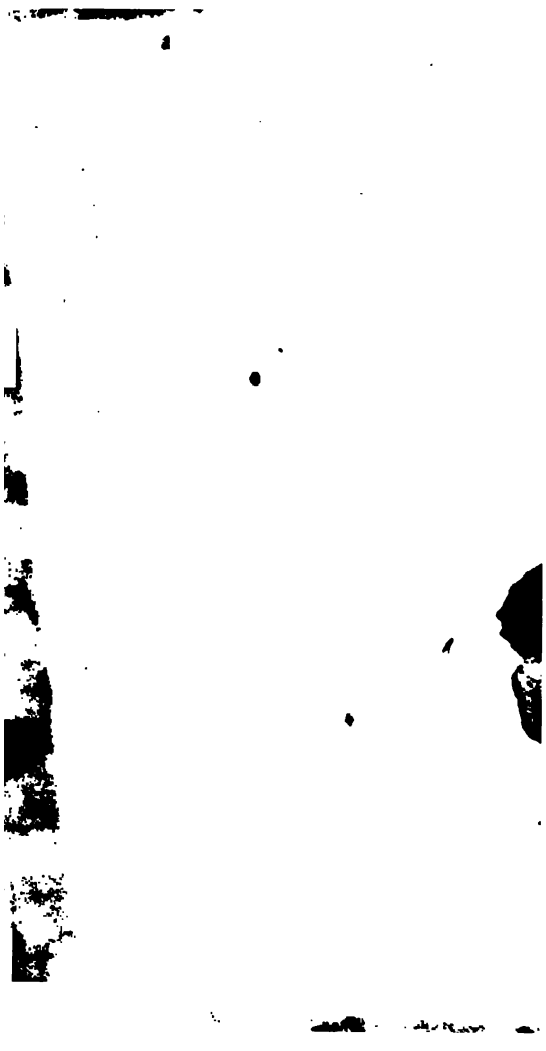
II.

So thou, they ſay, from thy prolific brain,
A caſtle, hight of indolence, didſt raiſe;
Where liſtleſs ſprites, withouten care or pain,
In idle pleaſaunce ſpend their jocund days,
Nor heed rewardful toil, nor ſeeken praiſe.
Thither thou didſt repair in luckleſs hour;
And lulled with thine own enchanting lays,
Didſt lie adown, entranced in the bower,
The which thyſelf didſt make, the gathering of thy power.

III. But

III.

But Venus, ſuffering not her favourite worm
For aye to ſleepen in his ſilky tomb,
Inſtructs him to throw off his priſtine form,
And the gay features of a fly aſſume;
When, lo! eftſoons from the ſurrounding gloom,
He vigorous breaks, forth iſſuing from the wound
His horny beak had made, and finding room,
On new-plum'd pinions flutters all around,
And buzzing ſpeaks his joy in moſt expreſſive ſound.

IV.

So may the God of Science and of Wit,
With pitying eye ken thee his darling ſon;
Shake from thy fatty ſides the ſlumberous fit,
In which, alas! thou art ſo woe begon!
Or with his pointed arrows goad thee on;
Till thou refeeleſt life in all thy veins;
And, on the wings of Reſolution,
Like thine own hero dight, flieſt o'er the plains,
Chaunting his peerleſs praiſe in never-dying ſtrains.